NEW YORK CLIPPER

OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

VOL. XII.—No. 11. PRICE SIX CENTS.

DRAMATISTS.

Ode to Young Gentlemen of this City.

You surely must know—if you're not very slow,
That sensation is, vulgarly speaking, the "go,"
And your luck in the drama will chiefly depend
Upon making your audience's hair stand on end!
The folks in the gallery want something thrilling,
That sends them half out of their wits for their shilling.
They grin at your pathos and gape at your wit,
But a piece full of incident must soon make a hit.

Just listen to me, if you're anxious to see
What the points of a popular drama should be;—
First, pilfer your plot, after skimming a lot
Of the latest French pieces: they're easily got.
With regard to your hero, I think the best plan
Is to get one as good—or as bad—as you can.
(I may hint, by the way, as my private belief,
That there seems a demand for the *virtuous thief.*)

Well, you rattle along: you can hardly go wrong
If you manage to pile up the agony strong,
By plunging your hero in plenty of scrapes,
And, of course, taking care that he always escapes.
You can fill up some highly sensational scenes
With banditti, detectives, or mountain ravines;—
And, at last, when the interest's wound to a pitch,
Bring a marriage or murder in—never mind which.

Of course you must say, in the cant of the day,
That your piece is a New and Original Play!
Let its title be foreign and awkward to speak,
So that most of the public may take it for Greek.
You must advertise freely in very big print,
Upon placards of every conceivable tint.
And—when all I suggest has been carefully done—
Why, it won't be my fault if you don't have a run.

THE WHITE GIPSY;

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILMINGHAM RIOTS.

EARLY on the following morning, when the shops had just opened in Wilmingham, a strange movement took place. From every small court and alley, from out the backways and the open country, came troops of men, women and children. They evidently were guided by one idea, and understood the purpose of the assemblage, for, with one accord, they poured into the market-place. About ten o'clock in the morning, the whole of the discontented laborers, whose ranks were swelled by the advent of all the poorest of the still employed classes, were met together. Various speakers addressed the crowd, conspicuous among them being a young man dressed in the garb of an artizan; but whose language proved him to be above his companions, either in rank or in education. He spoke eagerly, enthusiastically. He seemed peculiarly incensed against the luxurious wealthy, and sympathized with the starving poor.

"Let us go to these men," he said, "and demand bread. Let us tell them that Heaven sent us corn that we might eat, not that they might grow rich."

Enthusiastic cheers followed his address, and the great assemblage swayed to and fro like the waves of the troubled sea.

"Yes! yes!" cried a hundred voices at once, "yes—yes! Let us go and take the bread from the bakers!"

Suddenly Mr. Hudson appeared. A hundred voices shouted his name in triumph, and not least among them was the voice of Jack Leasehurst.

"My friends," he said, "be not madly impatient. This meeting of yours in the market-places, these shouts and menaces, constitute an act of rebellion against the authorities. Be careful that you do not rouse the anger of those who have it in their power to injure you."

A murmur of discontent ran through the assembly. They had expected stronger words—Hudson was talking to them as if he were a magistrate speaking to them of constituted authority, as the mayor of the neighboring town would have done. But he noticed them not. He proceeded.

"I heard among the cries you uttered but now, a cry of 'Let us to the bakers, and take bread.' Let me warn you against such injustice. The bakers are to blame sometimes—they are not to blame now. It is the mill-owners alone who have injured you, and the masters who have refused to advance your wages. Against them let your measures be temperate: nothing is to be effected by intemperate actions, or immoderate demands. If you are guided by me, you will form a deputation to wait on these men, and state your grievances. But of all things, remember this: whatever excesses your anger may induce you to commit, do not attack the property of innocent men. If any are to suffer, let those suffer who are guilty."

Mr. Hudson was extremely politic. He committed himself to nothing, but only said, "If so and so is to occur, be just."

The crowd understood him, and cheered lustily. But it was evident that he had no intention of leading them as they desired. Jack Leasehurst and a few others crowded round him, and begged him to lead the deputation.

"What can I do?" he said, smiling. "I am not one of you. They will not attend to anything I advance."

However, he was at length persuaded, and a deputation, headed by Mr. Hudson, and composed of Leasehurst and several of his companions, waited upon Messrs. Simmons and Wright at their office.

Mr. Simmons received them. He was a fat, pompous little man, of the real "blue-blood" Tory school; had represented his native place in Parliament, and voted for everything which tended to oppress and keep down the "low people." He regarded Mr. Hudson with no favorable eyes.

Mr. Hudson had been instrumental in bringing about the last Tory defeat at Lithroe election, and Simmons had never forgiven him.

He listened to his political opponent upon this occasion coldly—expressed his regret at seeing a gentleman of his position mixing himself up with riotous assemblages, and assured him that he had been misled.

"My men," he said, "have always been well paid, and well treated, and I am sorry to see them ungrateful. However, they will suffer, not I. They cannot afford to give up work. I can afford to do without them."

"Then you refuse to do anything towards alleviating their distress?" said Mr. Hudson, with sternness.

"The men can return to work if they choose," answered Mr. Simmons; "that is all I can promise."

Mr. Hudson eyed him severely.

"Then, sir," he said, "I think it my duty to say that you are acting, in every respect, in contravention of the laws of humanity, and to warn you that you may expect serious consequences!"

"Am I to understand, sir, that you are threatening me?" asked Henry Simmons, angrily.

Mr. Hudson was about to answer him, but Jack Leasehurst interrupted him.

"No, no, Mr. Simmons!" he cried. "Mr. Hudson doesn't threaten you, but I do. I can tell you there'll be vengeance taken, Mr. Simmons. You've starved my wife and child, and there'll be sorrow in your house, too, before we've done with you. Oh! there shall be a merry light in the sky soon,—and we'll be able to warm our hands, lads," he added, as he turned towards his companions.

"Ay! that there shall," murmured the men, with one accord.

Mr. Simmons turned slightly pale, while Mr. Hudson cried, "Hush, my men! You know not what you are saying."

"I think this conference has lasted long enough," said the builder. "I give the men this day to reflect. If they don't return to work to-morrow morning at my prices, I shall send over to the town for new hands, and I'll never take one of them on again."

A gleam of fiendish joy lit up the eyes of Jack Leasehurst.

"Ay! we'll reflect, as you call it, and decide, too, master," he cried. "Come on, my men! there's no good to be done here!"

Mr. Hudson lingered last.

JENNIE PARKER—TRAGEDIENNE. (For Biographical Sketch see another column.)

"Mr. Simmons," he said, "you are acting under bad advice, believe me!"

"I am acting under my own advice!" he cried, fiercely; "and I tell you what—if I find that I have anything serious to fear, I will call upon the magistrate to order out the military. It will be a bad thing for you, Mr. Hudson, to be found heading a riotous mob."

Mr. Hudson eyed him keenly.

"I am heading no mob at present," he said, "so be careful what words you use. I warn you, however, that it is dangerous to insult men in my position so grossly as to induce them to use the mob as a weapon of vengeance."

Before Mr. Simmons recovered from his astonishment, he was gone.

"What are we to do so, sir?" asked Jack Leasehurst, "you see they will do nothing for us."

"Help yourselves," said Mr. Hudson. "At present, however, I will say no more."

Then the enthusiastic Republican walked away, his brain full of delirious dreams. He had too good an opinion of the sluggish mind of the English peasantry.

"A rising like this in every town," he muttered, "and England might be free!"

Meanwhile, Jack Leasehurst and his friends consulted. They spoke together in hurried accents for a few moments, and then separated. All day there was quiet in the village and the town, although Wright, the other partner, lived in Lithroe. The quiet was unearthly; there was something in it quite unnatural. Every one seemed to be waiting for night. As soon as darkness once more covered the earth, a movement took place. A murmur seemed to arise from all parts of the country side; and as the gaping villagers hurried to their doors, they saw a huge body of men advancing, swaying to and fro, and roaring like a turbulent sea. Some carried torches—some spikes, rudely fashioned of stakes, with long knives fastened to their summits. Others wielded huge clubs—others flourished poles with symbols of bread, and flags with terrible devices. And in front of the procession they carried upon a bier the body of a woman who had died of starvation, with her little baby lying by her side. The villagers shuddered, and closed their shops. They knew that something terrible was about to happen. On the steps of the inn stood Mr. Hudson, and they cheered him as they passed.

"There'll be some fearful things done this night," said he to the landlord.

"Ay, sir, there will. But who's to blame them? That's what I say! Those that make the laws should suffer if they are bad."

The rioters passed along the street shouting and singing, and evidently wild with drink. As they could not get food, they had bought brandy with their last money. Jack Leasehurst wanted them to be courageous, and he had spent all the money he had received from Mr. Hudson in treating his companions.

The villagers, though they had closed their doors in fear, opened their windows in curiosity. But their curiosity was soon quenched in one dread feeling of dismay. It was a terrible scene, though but beheld for a moment. Covered with soot, and dirt, and dust, and mire, from some out-building they had torn down to furnish them with weapons; their garments in rags; their hair hanging wildly; their hands and faces, too, jagged and bleeding with their fierce eagerness, they hurried on like hideous madmen. So the dense throng came fighting on, some singing, some shouting in triumph, some quarreling among themselves, some menacing the spectators as they passed, some senselessly drunk, with the body borne on a shutter in their midst—a senseless, ghastly heap, covered with a dingy cloth.

It was a vision of dread. A vision of coarse faces, with here and there a blot of glaring, smoky light; a dream of demon heads, and savage eyes, and iron bars, and pikes, and clubs uplifted in the air and whirled about; a bewildering tumult, an indescribable horror, a confusing throng of weird phantoms.

Opposite Mr. Simmons' house the crowd halted, and sent up into the still air a loud yell of exultation. In its progress the mob had been increased by every bad character in the town and village, and many were there in search of plunder. There was no parley offered. Straight to the doors they went, and began battering them down.

Mr. Simmons had expected an attack; and after securing all the approaches to the mansion, he had loaded his firearms, thinking by one volley to intimidate the mob. He had reckoned without his host. He opened the window, demanded what they wanted, and receiving no answer except in the form of a brickbat, fired. He killed one man, and the body fell beneath the feet of the rioters, and was trampled on. He might have fired a dozen times without alarming one heart in that throng. Stones and other missiles entered the room where he stood, and the door below began to yield. He saw that it was time to fly, and with his family he emerged by the back way, entered his carriage, and drove off down a by-lane towards the town, where, upon the first intimation, the magistrate had promised to call out the military. The noise of the carriage wheels was lost amid the uproar. Lucky it was for him, or he would have been sacrificed with his family to the fury of the vengeful multitude.

And now the doors were burst open, and the people poured in, and ran hither and thither over the great house. Some broke up the furniture, while others pitched it out of windows to those below, who piled it in the timber-yard and set fire to it. Others went into the cellars and broke the bottles and staved in the casks, and after saturating themselves with liquor, reeled away until they fell yelling into the flames. Some were seen vainly flying to windows, and precipitating themselves into the yard beneath. So the fire had its own way. Huge flames burst from the casement and licked the walls. Great beams fell in mouldering masses, and the sparks went drifting through the night air like flakes of fiery snow. Then the timbers in the yard burned merrily, and lit up the sky, and the village, and the common with a lurid glare. And in and about this wild scene of horror danced hundreds of human beings, mad with drink or excitement, shouting, singing, shrieking as the sparks fell upon their heated clothes and consumed them as if they had been tinder.

Amid this tumultuous scene there was one who preserved a calm demeanor. He flitted hither and thither—giving directions here—dragging a drunken man from the flames there—animating, cheering, advising, reproving in turns. At length, when the fierce fire had taken full possession of everything, and there was no hope of saving anything, a loud cry was raised.

"The soldiers are coming!"

It acted as an instantaneous quieter.

"Follow me!" cried their leader—the artisan who had addressed them in the market-place—"follow me with your torches, and we'll get round to Wright's before they are here!"

The men formed in a line once more. They were now jubilant. They had had revenge on one man, and were drunk with joy and eagerness to attack the second. But their leader had miscalculated. On the by-road as well as the highway they found the soldiers posted, and were compelled to halt. They were restless and wild with drink and excitement.

"Let us attack the red-coats!" cried some; "one good rush, and it will be man to man!"

But the young artizan whispered a few words to Jack Leasehurst; and from man to man in the tumultuous throng they passed like magic.

"To the mills!—to the mills!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE BURNING OF THE MILLS.

DISPERSING through the lanes and the meadows, the band of lawless and desperate men soon found themselves once more thronging together at one point. The place chosen for the meeting was a large, open space, on which, here and there, were to be seen the forms of wind-mills, with their spectral arms flung abroad like huge phantoms. It was a piece of ground raised high above the surrounding country, and seemed so well adapted to the purpose, that six mills had been erected within a few yards, as it were, of one another. Arrived here, the band of desperate destroyers halted. The torches were relit, and around the mills the army of raging, drunken, maddened people drew itself. On their begrimed faces, on their tattered clothes, on their strange weapons gleamed the light of the torches. A dull, red glare it was, making everything appear unearthly—faces, forms, mills, and trees. Then the work of destruction began. Some had seized, on their way, armsful of hay and straw; others had seized stakes and palings from the hedge-rows and the walls of farm-yards; others bore on their shoulders bundles of dried faggots. All these combustibles were piled indiscriminately beneath the mills, and then, with a shout, the wild multitude fired the various masses. Six volumes of fierce flame rushed at once upwards towards the sky. It was a fearful sight. The mills stood in a position where they were of course exposed to every ray of the sun and every wind that blew. Alternately drenched with rain and scorched and dried up by the heat and the strong breeze, the timber was reduced to a substance somewhat similar to tinder. It had been a cold, dry day, and the buildings were soon enveloped in fire. Three of them were tenanted, but fortunately no one was burned. The families had, at the first sight of the fierce mob, prepared themselves for flight, and ere the conflagration began had rushed out into the night. So the human demons had it all to themselves for a time. Up towards the blue heavens darted the red flames; round the red flames danced men, women, and children, maddened by the intoxicating influences of the wild scene of destruction before them. In the mills there were no bricks and stonework to impede the fire. They were built of wood, and burned up right merrily, and clearly, and uninterruptedly.

In an hour nothing remained but six piles of smouldering ruins, and round these piles crowded the people, dividing between them the flour they had saved from the buildings ere yet they were red hot and crumbling. But in that hour dread preparations were being made. The military who had met them were at first ordered to remain in the town. Report stated that the rioters at Lawburne Mills belonged to another band, and it was deemed unwise to leave the town unprotected, for fear of the return of the first band of maddened people. But the error was soon discovered. The chief magistrate was himself a mill-owner, and fearing lest his own property, though some miles distant, should also become the prey of the infuriated mob, he at length directed the troops to be sent out of the town and the hamlet, and marched across country to Lawburne Hill. They arrived there when all was over, and when the people, satiated with the mischief they had done, were sitting moodily round the mouldering fires, warming themselves. Then a fatal error was committed. The officer who commanded the detachment was a young man, and more hot-headed than brave. Without taking the trouble to call upon the people to disperse or deliver up the ringleaders, he ordered his men to fire into the crowd. Men and women sprang up dismayed. There was silence for a moment. Each eyed the other in wondering, questioning terror. Then the expression of their faces changed suddenly, and there was silence no longer. A prolonged cry, a yell, a howl of hate and menace went through the multitude, and men and women too precipitated themselves upon the soldiers.

The officer in command had thought to overawe the people by the use of the firearms, and had given no order to fix bayonets. Had he done so, the consequences would have been far more terrible than they were. As it was, those who had fired had no time to reload, and those who had reserved their fire had no chance of using their muskets. It was a confused, hideous *melee*, in which friend was interlaced with foe—in which men grappled each other by the throat, and women, dragging out the soldiers' bayonets, stabbed them in the back—in which babes a few weeks old were trampled under foot, or crushed to death in the struggle. For a moment the officer was dismayed and irresolute. But after a time he called off his men, shouting to them to retreat and reform. This was speedily effected, and those whose bayonets had not been lost in the *melee*, fixed them, took the first rank, and prepared to charge.

An unarmed crowd never yet withstood a charge of bayonets. In vain the leader of the rioters urged them to keep steady. In vain he went from one point to another, exhorting them to stand fast and take signal revenge upon the soldiery. He was the only man in the crowd who dreamed of withstanding that long row of steel upon which the rays of the moon glinted dismally. The soldiers advanced at a trot. A yell of execration again ran through the crowd, and this time they turned and fled. Then a word from the leader passed from mouth to mouth; and as if every one was acting under the influence of an instinct, they rushed to the burning mills, and, seizing each a piece of blazing wood, halted and turned round once more. Into the ranks of the soldiers went the flaming brands. The people were mad, and cared not for burns; they seized the masses of flaming wood in their bare hands, and flung them among the advancing troops, who, burnt and scared, and scarcely knowing what they did, fired at random, and hit no one. Then, satisfied with this last effort at revenge, the mob fled away, some leaving their dead friends behind them, some carrying bodies on their soldiers.

Morning broke over a dismal scene. The shopkeepers were afraid to open their shops, and business was accordingly suspended. Knots of people gathered in the streets, and talked fearfully of the terrors of the past night, and the anticipated terrors of the coming evening. Soldiers paraded the streets of the town and the village, some bearing evidences of the conflict of the previous night; others looking fresh, as if just arrived from some neighboring garrison.

During that day a mournful procession paraded through the town. Though the procession of the day before had with it the dead bodies of a woman and child who had fallen victims to starvation, and though this procession had no such terrible sign within its ranks, the latter was by far the more heartrending. In the faces of all were evident signs of the workings of hunger. The people had not returned to their homes after the terrible orgie of the night. They had crouched beneath hedge-rows, or around fires made of fragments of the burning hovels, and had awakened in the morning from a sleep which might have been the sleep of death, and would have been far more kind to some of them if it had been.

So the crowd which passed through the streets of Lithroe that day, bearing before them a black board with the words, "We are hungry," painted upon it, were white and ghastly, and horrible to look on. Their cheeks were pale and sunken—their eyes had a wistful glare in them; and their voices, as they cried aloud for bread, were cracked and shrill. They received money from some, loaves from others; and on that terrible day—thanks to the townspeople—not one of that wild throng lacked a morsel of bread; but this could not last long. They had destroyed the timber yards—for some time there would be nothing for them to do; and even then, would the masters, whose property they had destroyed, employ them again?

In the market place they were met by Mr. Hudson; his dream had vanished. He had hoped for a wide-spread rising; he had seen an *emeute*, in which might strove against right, and conquered. Jack Leasehurst was the foremost amid the throng, and pressed forward to him. "This has been a sad business, Mr. Hudson," he said. "I don't see that we've done any good yet."

"I fear you have not gone on in the right way," cried Mr. Hudson. "You have been too precipitate. What is the use of such a riot as that you have begun? Of what avail can you be—brave and determined as you all are—against an armed force, when you have no weapons but your own hands?"

Jack's gloomy face looked more gloomy still as his patron spoke.

"What are we to do then?" said he. "We have no arms."

Mr. Hudson smiled.

"That you should have thought of before," he said. "Had this been an organized rising—had you acted in concert with the workmen of neighboring towns, this unfortunate bread riot might have been a glorious revolution."

"It is not too late now," returned a young man who stood by the side of Jack Leasehurst.

Mr. Hudson turned towards him. He was a man of some five-and-thirty years of age with a bushy beard and moustache, bright eyes, and a well-built frame. He seemed one far removed from the position of those around him, although he had adopted their dress. His voice, his manner, his method of pronouncing his words, bespoke one who had been educated.

"Sir," said Mr. Hudson, "I fear that you are in error."

"Why so?"

"Because now the authorities are on the *qui vive*, and would crush any attempt at rebellion. No, sir; the opportunity has lapsed."

"I think not," persisted the stranger. "There are arms in Manborough Castle, if the men would but take them, as I wish."

Mr. Hudson shook his head.

"Better wait now—better wait," he said. "This riot has been an error. But see, we are watched. We shall meet again."

The group dispersed. A party of police had been eagerly watching them, and as Mr. Hudson moved away they stopped him. Mr. Hudson turned angrily to the constable.

"What is it you require of me, fellow?" he cried. "I would advise you to be civil, and keep your hands off."

Mr. Hudson was well known and respected in the neighborhood. His haughty speech somewhat dismayed the officer. He bowed respectfully.

"I must obey orders, sir," he said. "I have been directed by the magistrates to watch your movements, sir."

"For what purpose?"

"It has been said, sir, that you have incited the people to riot—that you have aided them with money and advice; and I was to warn you that if you were again seen in direct communication with the rioters you would be taken into custody."

A smile passed over Mr. Hudson's benevolent face.

"I will give your warning all the consideration it is worth," he said; "but pray ask your masters one question. They know me well, and understand my views. Do they suppose that such an ill-advised movement as this has been planned by me? If I had led this riot, not a public building should have been standing in the whole town, nor should there have been a soldier within a mile of it."

With these words he walked away, leaving the constable gazing after him in silent wonder. Towards evening the crowds dispersed, the men returned to their homes, and the shops were opened. Every one hoped that peace would be restored, for a rumor had been widely diffused that a meeting had taken place between masters and workmen, and that another meeting on a larger scale had been appointed for the following day. At seven that evening, in a neatly furnished apartment in the town, sat a young girl by the fireside. She was not more than eighteen—or, at any rate, but a few months past that age. Beautiful—well-dressed—apparently surrounded by comforts—she yet seemed very sad.

Why was it? Why was so much loveliness allied with sorrow? Why were not those bright eyes beaming with joy? Why should those fair hands lie listlessly upon her lap? Why should that white bosom palpitate with continued sighs? Need we say more to explain her sadness than that her name was Alice Wentworth Carew, and that the one she waited for was Bamfylde, the White Gipsy. He it was who led the riot—he it was who had last spoken to Mr. Hudson—he it was who had harangued the people in the market place.

After obtaining an honorable position in a large factory in a town where he would be quite unlikely to be discovered, he had now been induced to join in the riot, and endanger his liberty and his life. They were not yet married. Although she had consented to become his wife, Bamfylde had resolved to make one more effort to recover his position before making her his own. As yet all his attempts had been in vain. But he did not despair. He had already discovered the name of the place where he had been stolen by the gipsies. It remained now only to discover some one who could identify him. Alice Wentworth Carew rose as the clock struck eight, and approached the window. She began to feel alarmed. What could detain him so long? Was he again engaged in terrible work, as on the night before? Had he fallen? Or, worse still, had he been captured by his enemies? She threw open the casement and leaned out. Eagerly she glanced up and down the street. All was still. The sky was clear and bright. Not a sign was there of disturbance. "What can keep him?" she murmured. "Oh! it is cruel—cruel to torture me thus." The quiet in the town alarmed her more than a riot would have done. The one gave no cause for his absence; the other would have accounted for it. Presently, along the road, came footsteps, as of one in haste. The ear of love listened eagerly.

"It is he!" she murmured, ere she saw him.

Then closing the window she resumed her seat at the fire.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE TRACK.

THE face of Bamfylde, as he entered the room, was expressive of the utmost concern. He closed the door and locked it after him.

"I am afraid, dear Alice," he said, as he came forward, and kissed her as she rose to greet him—"I am afraid that I have kept you very long; and you must have begun to wonder what had become of me."

"Yes, dear Bamfylde," she answered, "I began to be alarmed. I have been looking out of the window several times for you. Where have you been?"

"I have been at a meeting," he replied, gloomily.

There was silence for a moment.

Alice rose again, and began pouring out some coffee. He watched her, as she moved about, with anxious eyes. Every motion of her form, every look seemed suddenly invested with melancholy interest. Evidently he expected some misfortune. At length Alice Wentworth Carew sank down on her knees before him, and laying her head on his knees in a childish way, said, "Dear Bamfylde, what is the matter?"

He smiled, but it was a sad smile.

"Nothing is the matter, dear one," he answered.

"Then why are you so depressed?"

"I am grieved at the sorrowful events of last night," he answered.

Alice shook her curls in sign of her disbelief.

"No, no," she said; "you cannot deceive me. You locked the door when you came in. I know there is danger abroad."

"Alice," he answered, raising her up to a seat beside him, "I fear there is danger, but I cannot see why I should trouble you unnecessarily."

"Nay, Bamfylde, I must always share your woes as well as your joys. You have always promised me that."

"Well, perhaps it will be better so," returned her lover. "I will tell you the cause of my alarm. To-night, after leaving the meeting which was held in the Red Barn, as before, I saw among the constables who were keeping watch, one of the men who were after us at Fortress Wood. He was a soldier then; I knew his face well, and I am sure he knew me. He singled me out from a number of others, and followed me."

"To this house?" inquired Alice, in alarm.

"No, no; I knew what he was after, and turning sharply round as we entered a street somewhat more deserted than the rest, I walked back; he did the same. I walked to and fro, he remained stationary. Annoyed by this, and seeing that he was evidently in doubt, I accosted him.

"'My friend,' I said, 'what is it you want?'

"'I want you,' he answered.

"I laughed.

"'If you wanted me all this time,' I said, 'why did you not speak to me?'

"'I was not quite sure it was you,' he replied with a smile, at the same time fumbling in his coat pocket; 'now I am certain.'

"As he withdrew his hand, I caught the gleam of a pistol and seized his arm.

"'Come, come, my friend!' cried I, 'fair play! If you bring out firearms, I shall break your head for you!'

"He was staggered for a moment.

"'Then,' he said, 'I know you well; you are Bamfylde, the Gipsy! Five hundred pounds is offered for your capture, and I mean to keep you now I've got you!'

"There was no use in attempting to parley with a man like this. In a few minutes more the street might have been full of people; whereas it was then, as I have said, almost deserted. Before, therefore, he could conceive my intention, I struck him a blow upon the head which felled him to the earth, and fled hurriedly down a side street, and here I am."

For a few moments Alice remained wrapped in thought. After a moment she said, "And what do you propose doing?"

He shook his head.

"I do not know; I fear to think."

Alice burst into tears.

"Poor—poor Bamfylde!" she cried. "Always in sorrow—always persecuted—always hunted down! What *shall* we do? What can *I* do for you?"

He smiled and took her hand.

"My dear Alice, you can do nothing."

"Yes, yes, Bamfylde, I can. I can advise. Let us leave this country together; let us fly to some foreign land, where no one will know us, and where, therefore, we shall not be persecuted. What is there in England to detain us?"

"A great deal is here, my dear one," said Bamfylde. "There is a fortune and a bright future for you, whatever there may be for me."

She was sobbing violently.

"You are cruel—most cruel!" she murmured. "You have taught me to love you, and now you speak to me of a future without you!"

He rose and paced the room. His heart was torn with conflicting emotions. What if, after all, he were to accept the proposition of his cousin, and fly to America?

Would it not, however, be dooming her to the chance of a life of misery and privations; while, on the other hand, a little patience would certainly end in restoring her to her family and her fortune?

"Alice," he said with a firmness that almost amounted to sternness, "you must consent to be guided by me."

She trembled. She feared what was coming.

"Your presence with me," he continued, "is fraught with danger to both of us. You must come with me to London at once. I will send you to Carew House; I will demand protection for you; and I will search the world but I will find proofs of your identity. Waste further time I will not; nor will I consent any longer to submit you to constant humiliations and alarms. For a time I must separate myself from you, for where I am you are in danger always!"

If he had omitted the latter words, she might have listened calmly to what he had to say. But they roused her to a sense of all his speech implied. She rose, flung her arms around his neck, and looked up into his face with her large, tearful eyes.

"No, no, Bamfylde!" she said; "this shall never be. I will not desert you in the hour of peril. We will go to London if you please; may be you will be able to persuade them of my identity. If so, my safety shall be your safety—where I am you must be. He who is my friend must be yours also."

She paused a moment. Then a deep blush mantled over her pale cheeks.

"Bamfylde," she said in a low, sweet murmur; "you once asked me to become your wife."

"Yes, dearest, that hope is my only one—the one single blessed point on which my future happiness depends."

"If I were your wife now," she continued, "and you could prove my identity, they would protect my husband, even though he failed to prove that he was Bamfylde Moore Carew, the heir to their title and fortune."

A flush of manly pride overspread Bamfylde's features as she spoke, and, pressing her to his breast, he kissed her warmly.

"Dear one!" he cried; "you are worthy of a better fate. No, I will not ask you to become the wife of one who is an outlaw—a proscribed felon—for such, in the eyes of the law, I am. Let me prove my innocence, and I will claim you as my bride. Till then you are free!"

At this moment there was a loud knock at the door. He turned deadly pale.

"Hush!" he cried; "what noise is that?"

Alice disengaged herself from his embrace, and rushing to the window, opened it and looked out. Below were three men. She drew back into the room.

"Look out," she whispered, "and see if you recognise them."

He peeped out cautiously. Then he withdrew his head and stood as one paralyzed.

"One of them," he answered, "is the man I met to-night. The villain has tracked me hither. Oh, heavens! what is to be done? I shall be seized and your safety yet unprovided for!"

The imminence of the danger roused Alice's mind to twofold exertion.

"Tell me of some spot where in the dead of night I can meet you," she cried. "Then escape by yourself, and I will come to you."

Bamfylde pressed her hand.

"You are wise, my child," he said. "If I am taken now all will be lost. But there is not a moment to lose. How am I to escape?"

As he spoke there was a second summons, louder than the first at the door.

"Fly down stairs!" cried Alice; "fly before the door is open! Go through the back yard, and then one of the houses. Go! Where am I to meet you?"

"At Lawburne Hill at eleven."

With these words he opened the door, flew down the stairs, darted into the back yard, and then all was still. Alice returned to the fire and sat down, taking up a book and pretending to read. After a few moments a tap was heard at the door.

"Come in," said Alice in a voice which she in vain endeavored to render firm.

The landlady entered.

"A gentleman, miss, has called to see Mr. Hurst," she said.

Mr. Hurst was the name by which Bamfylde was known; and Alice was supposed to be his sister.

"He is not at home," replied Alice; "but I will see the person if the business is important."

"He says it is, wery," returned the landlady.

"Show him up, then," said the young girl, quietly.

The constable entered.

He was in plain clothes, and was evidently trying to appear a gentleman. It was a signal failure. No one could mistake the awkward stiffness which the man mistook for politeness. Alice motioned him to a chair, upon the edge of which he sat as he might have sat upon a pin.

"I wished to see Mr. Hurst," said he, fidgeting with his hat meanwhile, "on most important business."

Alice smiled.

"Indeed!" she answered. "That is very unfortunate. He is out."

The man eyed her keenly.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Perfectly."

Then an idea struck her.

So she added, "He went out this afternoon early, and has not since returned."

The officer was delighted.

"In that case," he said, "I will wait till he returns."

She had made a wrong move. What was to be done now? Better to get rid of the man at any rate, even if she put the man on the right scent, than keep herself a prisoner. She rang the bell. The landlady came up at once, looking very flurried.

"What is it, miss?" she asked.

"I rang to know if you could tell me where Mr. Hurst was. Do you know where he is gone?"

The old lady shook her head.

"Bless your soul, no, Miss!" she exclaimed. My Mary, though, has given me such a turn."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. She declares she saw Mr. Hurst rush across our back yard and climb over the wall into No. 8, Loven Road. Now, to think he should have chosen No. 8 of all others! If there be people I can't abear in this town, and who will chatter more than others, it's those people at No. 8. They never—"

The officer interrupted her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 29 Ann street to No. 22 Spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

HARLEQUIN, Boston.—1. You had better have an interview with either Lon Morris or Bishop Buckley, and no doubt they will give you a "show" next season. State your qualifications as plainly to them as you have to us, and our word for it one or the other will put you on. You had better be with a fixed band than travelling about the country. Your chances for advancement in the profession are much better. 2. The salary of cloggists is $15 a week and board when traveling. 3. The lady is 32 years of age. 4. Dick Sands is champion. 5. Dan Bryant. 6. General Butler's best time was 2:21 under saddle, on the Fashion Course, against George N. Patchen.

MARION.—Izzy Lazarus was born Feb. 9, 1821; fighting weight, 126 lbs.; beat a Leicestershire man for a purse, 15 minutes, March 4, 1834; beaten by Bill Atkinson, 18 minutes, 12 rounds, March 24, 1834; beat Levy, 105 minutes, May 27, 1834; beat Allen, 70 minutes, 29 rounds, Feb. 16, 1836; beat Tom Maley, 35 minutes, 24 rounds, Aug. 30, 1836; beat Surrender Lane, 55 minutes, 34 rounds, March 7, 1837; beaten by Owen Swift, 135 minutes, 113 rounds, June 1, 1837.

HICKEY, Columbus, O.—1. Lang's quickest time in one mile was 4 minutes 21¾ seconds, beating Sanderson; Mills has since beat that time, however, doing his mile in 4 minutes 20½ seconds, defeating Stapleton, and making the quickest mile on record 2. We are promised a treatise on training, but cannot undertake to lay down the rules until we get it.

J. R. L., Springfield, O.—1. We don't understand what you mean by Flora Temple's overreach. 2. The trot between Prince and Flora Temple at Sandusky, O., took place on the 27th of October, 1858—they were not, nor never have been owned by the same man. 3. The quickest pacing time was 1 mile in 2 min. 17½ secs. by Pocahontas. 4. We think he will.

SPORT, Norfolk, Va.—1. It has not been published, and we have doubts that it ever will be. 2. About those sporting prints, drop a line to Ned James at this office. 3. Negroes worth $300 are entitled to vote at the coming election, the same as they were before. 4. People would have little confidence in Heenan if he did enter the ring until he clears up the Wadhurst mystery.

L. DEGO, U. S. Navy.—1. Sallie St. Clair made her first appearance on the stage in 1843 as a dancer at the Museum, Baltimore. Mr. Charles M. Barras is her husband. 2. The day for the match to come off between Coburn and Mace has not yet been fixed. You will find all the particulars as far as come to hand in the Ring department.

N. S. T., Tottenville.—1. What is the quickest time made by Ethan Allen and mate against Flora Temple, and on what course? 2. How many matches have Hamill and Ward rowed, and who was the victor?.....1. 2:19¾ on the Fashion Course, L. I. 2. Four times; Hamill was, thrice.

CALEB, Zanesville, O.—If you intended to get us "on a string" you should have used different bait. If not, get some one who understands billiards to write your question more explicitly. Judging by your handwriting, we rather think, however, that our first guess is right.

A NEW YORK RAT.—1. It does spoil the shape of a well-formed slut to have pups. 2. Dew claws do not add to the beauty of a dog, but do not necessarily show him to be an inferior animal. 3. Dan Bryant. 4. By Saunterer, at Newmarket, England, 1 mile in 1 min. 40 2-3 secs.

BAT AND BALL, Brooklyn.—1. The New York Cricket Club has got a strong team, as you will perceive by the report of their late match against Newark in another column. 2. Cricket material is almost wholly imported from England.

PERICLES, Fordham.—Edwin Booth was born in Harford County near Baltimore, Md., in November, 1833. He will play an engagement at the Winter Garden at the opening of the fall and winter season, some time in September.

T. K. H.—1. Jem Mace. 2. Cusick, the same who trained and seconded Heenan when he fought Sayers, did sail in the same steamer as Joe Coburn when he went to England, and will be Joe's right hand man.

J. SCULLIN, St. Johns.—Your paper has been sent to you regularly every week, and no mistake. If you have not received it, the fault lies with the office in your city. However, we have sent you two copies of the CLIPPER this week.

G. H. P., New York.—Flora's fastest time was 2:19¾; it has never been beaten. She is still living. Geo. N. Patchen died at Union Course, L. I., six weeks ago.

K. C. B., New York.—There are so many good places, that we could not answer your query satisfactorily either to you or ourselves.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE, Chicago.—1. The lady is past 32 years of age. 2. Mrs. Siddons was in her day considered the best. 3. Rachel was born in the Swiss village of Munf, March 24th, 1820.

M. H. H.—You can order Jerry Thomas' book on "How to Mix Drinks" of any bookseller. DICK & FITZGERALD are the publishers, price $2.00.

BLAIR ATHOL, Boston.—1. We are unable to answer your first query. 2. Birch Broome won two out of the three races he started for as a two year old.

STAGE STRUCK, Boston.—Commence in the profession at the foot of the ladder and work your way up. Enter some good first class theatre as call-boy, or else as "super."

JACOB CONSCRIPT, New Haven, Ct.—Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan fought on the 7th of February, 1849. The former won in 15 rounds and 16 minutes.

G. W. S., Vine street, Philadelphia.—As you are a stranger to us we cannot give credit. Our advertising terms you will find plainly stated in another column.

ASPIRANT, California.—A good general education is necessary; but it is not necessary that a young man should have "passed through" college.

READER, Altoona.—1. We never give advice in regard to betting on any sporting event. 2. The other information you seek you will find in answer to Marion above.

C. C., Brooklyn.—Jack Leonard has Elliott's case in hand, and will go to see him early this week for instructions as to getting up a benefit for his mother and her family.

A HELLER OF A FELLOW.—1. Heller is not an American. 2. Simmons is from Australia. 3. The gentleman does not teach the art.

TOMMY MEEKIN.—Jem Mace never fought Tom Sayers in the prize ring.

CONSTANT READER, Mystic River, Conn.—D cannot go alone against A.

MAURICE VAUGHN, Cleveland.—You will find our advertising rates in another column.

S. S. G., Philadelphia.—Simmons was in town last week, but of his future movements we are not advised.

PATSY MARLEY AND BEN HOGAN.—A letter for each of you is at this office.

E. FLAHERTY, U. S. Iron Clad, Atlanta.—Letter and money received.

INVALID.—We know of no treatise published in this city on training or the use of Indian clubs.

S. WILSON, Fort McHenry, Md.—Your subscription money never came to hand.

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—Cannot inform you of the height of E. Eddy, as we never "took his measure."

W. F. S., Lewiston, Me.—Thank you, but we do not care to invest in that manner at present.

YOUNG AMERICAN, Hartford.—We know no more of the parties than you do, except that their advertisement was paid for.

FITZ, New York.—As you scored just 50 points, you cannot be said to have "turned the corner," and therefore you lose your bet.

SUBSCRIBER, N. Y.—Deduct 147 from 158 and you have your answer.

LUCK, Concord.—A ten dollar bill represents ten dollars, supposing it is not a counterfeit or on a broken bank, and B won.

WEEKLY FRIEND.—The government claims his services during the continuance of the war.

VANORT, Newburgh, N. Y.—Ed. Wilson was born in New York city in 1826.

JOE NAPOLEON, Columbus, O.—Your "adver." will come to $3 per month.

SUBSCRIBER, Pottsville, Pa.—We guess you are trying to "guy" us; we never heard of the gentleman being insane.

A. H. H., Washington.—A letter addressed to "All the Year Round," London, Eng., will reach Mr. Dickens.

AMATEUR, Philadelphia.—The Boothenian Dramatic Association of Philadelphia organized in 1829.

MISS MILHOLLAND, Ball's Colossum.—Your letter was sent to North Bangor.

BENDIGO.—1. P was entitled to the next beg. 2. The highest deals in that case.

ROB ROY.—The bet is drawn unless it was specially made play or pay at the time.

J. D., New Orleans.—There is no certain remedy for distemper. Administer castor oil three times a week to the young pups.

CRITIC, Chicago.—Bob Hart is travelling with the Hernandez Combination Troupe down East.

J. A. L., Portland, Me.—1. Flora Temple still lives; she is about 18 years old; she never raised a colt. 2. We cannot.

SIGMA, Auburn.—Lady Suffolk's best time was 2:26, on the Cambridge Track, Boston.

E. W. N., New Haven.—Can't understand your query.

C. AMORY BRUCE.—Your letter was forwarded to Syracuse.

REDFERN.—We do not know his address.

SCOTIA, Portsmouth Grove, R. I.—You are right, it is O'Flaherty.

W. S. M.—Will look it over, and, if all right, give it a place.

SPORT.—The New Bowery.

CLARA ADAIR.—We have no letters for you.

CHARLEY C.—Photo's received. Thanks.

THE AMERICAN BILLIARD CHAMPIONSHIP.—The present incumbent of St. Cue's chair, Dudley Kavanagh, is not to be allowed to enjoy his *otium cum dig* for a protracted period, it would seem, nor to carry off all the honors and emoluments of the position without a contest; for, hardly had his victory over Goldthwait been announced to the public, when Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, a former opponent, again threw down the gauntlet, and another match for $100 and the golden cue is now on between them. This match, which will be the fourth of the present series, will be played some time in September. The precise day and date will be duly announced when it is ascertained when the "Hippo," Irving Hall, or some other suitable place for playing it can be secured. It will be a brilliant opening of the fall and winter billiard campaign.

THE COBURN AND MACE AFFAIR.

THE AMERICANS IN LONDON.

Mace Refuses to Fight for Less than $2500 a Side.

COBURN ACCOMMODATES HIM.

TROUBLE ABOUT A REFEREE.

MACE WANTS HIS OWN WAY IN THE MATTER.

CUSICK DEFINES COBURN'S POSITION.

WE have official advices from Coburn and his party in London up to June the 3d, by which we learn that although articles of agreement had not been signed at the date mentioned, it was pretty certain that they would be long before the letter reached us. We are a little surprised that Mace should be so very exacting on certain points, when it has all along been given out that he was so anxious for a match with some representative man from America. We are glad to learn that our friends were punctual to time, for they were even ahead of the day upon which they promised to meet Mace at the office of *Bell's Life*, viz: May 31. An appointment was then made to meet on the 1st of June, on which day the two men and their friends came together, and endeavored to settle upon terms of agreement; but Mace would not make a match for less than $2500 a side, refusing even the $500 he had promised for Coburn's expenses unless the stake money was fixed at $2500. As Coburn has to raise his money in the United States, at the rate of premium now current he would be staking $5000 to $2500. Rather than not have a match, Coburn agreed to make it for the $2500; but there was still another stumbling block in the way, the British champion wishing Mr. Dowling to name a referee, while Coburn's party preferred that the referee should be mutually agreed upon in Dublin a day or two before the fight. The following letter will let our readers see how the case stood at last accounts. It was written by Mr. Cusick, and is therefore authentic:

LONDON, June 3d, 1864.

FRIEND QUEEN.—According to promise, I send you a brief note to apprise you of our safe arrival in Liverpool on the 26th ult., and in London on the following day. The day succeeding our arrival in the latter city, we called on Mr. Dowling, but he was absent at the time, and we left word that we would meet Mace on Wednesday, the 1st of June. The appointment was kept, and efforts were made to come to terms about the proposed match, but Mace refused to fight for less than £500 ($2500). Not being prepared, at the time, to make the stake so large, we offered to fight for £300, that is, £200 of our own money, and the £100 Mace had promised to give us for expenses; but he refused to give any unless we fight for £500—and so we parted. We met again on Friday, this day, 3d, and agreed to accommodate Mace for £500, he to give us £100 for expenses. This point settled, another difficulty arose. We agree to fight, but claim that the referee shall be chosen on the ground. The Mace party object, and I claim that Mr. Dowling shall name the referee—once more we separate, with this difficulty unsettled. They follow us, we get together again, and we urge for both parties to meet in Dublin the day before the fight, and there and then settle the matter by chosing a referee; but they will have nothing but Mr. Dowling, or some one of his choice from London, which I strongly oppose and refuse to accede to. They must come to terms on this point, according to the rules they have made themselves. * * * * There is not the least doubt that the match will be made long before this reaches you. Mr. Dowling tells them that we ask for nothing but what our rights entitle us to.

I will write every mail, and keep you posted.

Yours truly, JAMES CUSICK.

It is to be hoped that Coburn's rights will not be interfered with; it is the custom to chose a referee a day or two before, or on the day of the fight, and we can see no good reason why Mace should wish to have it otherwise; surely he has advantages enough over the stranger as it is, without attempting to force a referee upon him of whom he (Coburn) knows nothing at all. Coburn goes a long distance to accommodate Mace, and we trust that Mace will evince a like accommodating spirit now that the Irish-American has shown beyond dispute that he means fight and nothing else.

The following extracts from the London sporting journals touching the great match are not without interest, as they will help to make complete the history of one of the most important events that ever transpired in the annals of pugilism:

WHAT BELL'S LIFE SAYS.

Joe Coburn arrived in England on Friday evening, May 27th, and called at our office on Saturday to give notice that he would attend on Tuesday, May 31st, the day he originally fixed for meeting Mace, to settle preliminaries. On Tuesday, accordingly, he again showed at our office, accompanied by Cusick, his mentor, when we had an opportunity of taking stock of him. He is a finely-built man for his size, with a good, quick eye, but his mug otherwise is the reverse of pugilistic. His nose is of the Roman order, after the fashion of Harry Broome, and presents a very tempting mark. He is as near as possible the same height as Mace, and in his clothes gives us the idea of a bigger-framed man, although he states that his milling weight will not exceed 10st 12lb. He complained at the difficulty he had experienced in getting the money to go on with the match, stating that every sovereign had cost him £1 16s, and expressed a fear that he could not make the match for more than £300 a side, adding that even if he fought for this sum, he should still expect £100 from Mace towards his expenses. As Mace was not present on this occasion, nothing definite could be arranged, and another appointment was made for Wednesday, when the men and their friends attended, and a long discussion took place, which unfortunately came to nought. Cusick and Coburn both stated that no more than £300 could be found, and explained the reason to Mace, as they had to us on the previous day. Mace said the amount for which he fought did not matter, but he must decline giving £100 for expenses, unless the match went on upon the terms originally agreed upon, viz., for £500 a side. He also suggested the probability of the fight not being got off in Ireland. Coburn, in reply, said he could not help himself as to the money; it was useless to make a match for more than he had got, and as to fighting in Ireland, unless Mace agreed to fight there he should not go on. A long confab now took place between Mace and his friends, and the latter made three other propositions to Coburn; the first was to fight in England, for the belt and £200 a side; the second was to fight for £300 a side, leaving the match open for £500, and promising to give Coburn the £100 if the larger sum was reached; and, thirdly, to fight for £400 a side, in which case Jem said he would give £50 for expenses. Neither of these propositions suited Coburn; he did not wish to fight for the belt, and he declared his intention of sticking to his proposition of Tuesday. Mace said he was not in a position to consent to this, and must consult his friends before he could offer any other terms. It was then mutually agreed that all further proceedings should be adjourned till Friday, on which day Mace's friend and representative in London met Coburn and Cusick, who, on this occasion, had the advice of Nat Langham. Mace himself, having an appointment in Wales, could not show. His agent, however, on his behalf, offered now to stake £600 to Coburn's £400, and in the event of the latter losing or of the battle ending in a draw, he was to receive £100 out of the stakes; or in the event of his winning he was, of course, to take all. This liberal proposition met the approval of the American party, and as Nat Langham expressed a belief that among his friends there would be no difficulty in obtaining plenty of money to enable Coburn to "put up" the whole of his £300—especially when they knew how he was situated—they at once agreed to the terms. Now came the all-important ceremony of drawing articles, at the very commencement of which another difficulty arose, and that was as to the appointment of a referee. Mace's party would have no one unless he was appointed by us—an onus we had no desire to incur—while Coburn insisted on that official being chosen on the ground on the day. In vain was it urged that this would be an insuperable bar to getting the fight off. Joe had received his orders from headquarters, and must abide by them. The conference lasted nearly an hour, and was eventually adjourned to Nat Langham's, where a solemn conclave was held, and the *pros* and *cons* were argued at some length.

A proposal, suggested by us, that the two principal backers of the men should meet the day before the fight and agree on a referee was freely canvassed, and at one time it was believed would be agreed to by Mace's friend, but ultimately that gentleman said he could not do so without seeing Mace, and so the conference was adjourned for instructions from headquarters. We have now placed the whole case before our readers, and have only, in conclusion, to request that the men will meet at our office on Friday, June 10th, at twelve o'clock, when we hope each will have proper instructions from his government, and that amicable arrangements will be come to. If nothing is done by that time, we fear nothing will be left for us to do but to proclaim a perpetual armistice between the men. Pending the consultation: Joe Coburn is to be heard of at Nat Langham's, Mitre, Upper St. Martin's lane.

WHAT THE SPORTING LIFE SAYS.

As announced in our Wednesday's impression, Jem Mace and Joe Coburn met at the stakeholder's on that day. The proceedings were opened by that functionary reading over the original challenge and the correspondence that ensued. He then advised both Mace and Coburn to well consider matters before they signed articles, as the present great match, if ratified, would afford the members of the P. R. another chance of restoring to the Ring the popularity it enjoyed in the olden times amongst the gentlemen patrons of the sport. We ourselves are confident that if battles are conducted on anything like fair terms, both in and out of the ring, the old patrons of the P. R. will not only again give their support, but their ranks will be strengthened by new blood as well. After some conversation, Mace asked Coburn what he was willing to do, when the latter stated that he was prepared to fight for £300 a side, provided £100 were given for his expenses. This Mace would not agree to, but stated his willingness to allow £100 for expenses if they fought for £500 a-side. As neither would give way, another meeting was called for yesterday at the stakeholder's; Joe Coburn, Nat Langham, and Cusick attended, and met Mace's agent, Mr. Whitehead (Mace being at Cardiff), who said that he was empowered by Jem Mace to give the £100 to fight for £300 a-side, and was willing to draw up articles to that effect. The day for the fight to take place was the next proposition, and Coburn named three months hence, which, after some demur on the part of Mace's agent, was agreed to; when the great and momentous question for the office of referee was mooted. This proved a regular stopper upon all further proceedings, for Coburn insisted upon that official being chosen at Dublin the day before the fight. Mace's agent, in accordance with his instructions, strongly objected, and urged that at least two clear days must elapse from the choice of the referee to the day of battle. As the day was young, it was agreed to meet in the afternoon, at "Orlo Nat's," and, accordingly, both Mace's agent and Coburn's representative showed, but as both stuck to their text, nothing further was done in the matter, and when the stakeholder was visited later in the afternoon, all that could be accomplished towards arranging the match, was an appointment to meet next Friday to, if possible, successfully get over that serious difficulty, the choice of referee. The appearance of Joe Coburn has taken those amongst our *cognoscenti* who have seen him by surprise, exhibiting, as he does, more of the qualities of an athlete than was expected. He is quiet and unassuming in his demeanor, but speaks and acts with a confidence that bespeaks a knowledge of his own powers. He is at present staying at Mr. Gordon's New York Hotel, Leicester-square, with J. Cusick and his friend, Mr. James Dunn. From what can be gleaned on each side, it appears that both Mace and Coburn are sweet on their job, and when once that great bugbear, the referee business, is settled, each will train with a will, and do his very best to ensure a good mill, and win if he can.—*Sporting Life, June 4.*

THE SPORTING NEWS' VERSION.

The men waited upon the final stakeholder on Thursday afternoon, Mace being attended by Messrs. Harry Montague and Fred Nicholls; and the American representative by Messrs. Cusick and Dunn. The stakeholder read the original challenge, and the response thereto, and then called upon both challenger and challenged to settle more definitively the arrangements of the contract. This straightforward method of bringing them to book, rapidly brought on business, and naturally elicited a round of argument on the subject. Eventually, Coburn disgracefully stultified himself, by point blank refusing to adhere to his own accepted terms. Harry Montague proposed that they should fight for £300 a side, open to £500, or if they fought for the full amount originally agreed upon, Mace would still keep his word, and allow £100 for expenses. Coburn, however, seemed evidently anxious to back entirely out of it. He would alone fight for £300, and even then claimed £100 for expenses, thus wishing to compel Mace, virtually speaking, to stake £400 to £200.—*Ill. Sp. News, June 4.*

THE LATE RACING AT PATERSON.

THE success of the recent race meeting at Paterson, N. J., shows what can be done when men of character take hold of turf interests instead of played out speculators, thimble riggers, and mountebanks. The names of the gentlemen under whose auspices this meeting was held were a sufficient guarantee that they had the true interests of the turf at heart, instead of the dollar. Of late years we have had all sorts of management in racing matters, good men and bad men, loyal men and disunionists, professional gamblers and New Orleans pettifogging faro swindlers—but nearly all their speculations have proved failures because of bad management and the bad character of many of those put forward as the leaders. These failures have occurred in Philadelphia, in New York, in Boston, and wherever the Jonahs of the turf were known, and wherever they attempted their racing swindles. We did all in our power to put the public on their guard against the "patron saints" of the thimble-rigging, turf swindling fraternity who were always likely to assemble wherever the "saints" put up their posters, and we are happy to say that an effort to suppress the "little games" proved quite successful, in so far that the "patron saints" were obliged to bring their "meetings" to an abrupt conclusion, and leave our vicinity for distant "pastures new," where they might practice their gambling operations without fear of immediate detection. The decent portion of those who owned fast stock became convinced that the notoriously bad character of some of the "managerial saints" was likely to injure them and their stock in public estimation, and they at once cut aloof from the "speculating managers." The effect was soon apparent: for where subsequent meetings were held, and the same turfmen and breeders entered their stables under the management of honest men—of gentlemen who would not lend themselves to fraud and deception as some of their predecessors had done—the public turned out in support of the new order of things, and racing interests at once manifested an upward tendency. The Spring Meeting of the Passaic County Association was a great success, both in the racing and in the number and character of the spectators. In our last we gave full reports of the entire week's racing, having sent a special reporter to attend the meeting, knowing it to be under the control of gentlemen of standing, and that whatever they promised they would use every honest endeavor to fulfil. Keep out the "patron saint managers," who carry in their train thimble ringers, three-card monte players, and cracksmen, and racing will soon assume its proper position among our popular amusements.

STOPPING THE GAME.

Gaming establishments have profited enormously by the war, some of their best customers being army paymasters, who have risked the funds entrusted to their care on the turn of a card, and in some instances have lost every dollar in their possession, thus not only depriving the soldier of his hard-earned wages, but his family at home of the common necessaries of life. Ten, twenty, thirty, and forty thousand dollars have changed hands in a single evening at the house of Faro, the fascination of play creating a species of insanity, as it were, the dreadful effects of which are not valued until the player has put down his last dollar, and finds himself a ruined and degraded man. A few days since, a government disbursing agent was arrested in Philadelphia, charged with using the money entrusted to his keeping in games of chance. He admitted the fact, stating that he had lost nine thousand dollars at play. An order was at once issued, directing the gambling houses in which the money had been lost to be visited, and the proprietors to take the choice of handing over the money lost at their establishment, or to go to Fort Lafayette; all but one complied—he was thereupon placed under arrest, his house taken possession of, and he about to be started for the Fort, when he agreed to disgorge, and was then released. We believe it is the intention of the government to follow up this plan, and close all places where agents play the poor soldiers' money away.

While they are at it, we hope they will direct their attention to the gamblers on Wall street—gamblers in gold, who are doing the country as much injury as the armed rebels are doing it. These gold bugs are rebels in disguise, a curse to the interests of the city and the country at large. We hope the government may devise some plan by which *their* gambling operations may be squelched. Another blood-thirsty set are the provision speculators, dry goods gamblers, and others of that stripe, who, under the guise of business, are enriching themselves by buying up beef, butter, and everything of the kind, clearing the market, and thus advancing the prices, when they sell out their accumulated stock. Such ghouls are ten times worse than professional gamblers. Stir 'em *at* up, while you are at it, Mr. Government man.

A LITTLE BETTER.—It really looks as though the receipts of the Philadelphia Central Fair will surpass the amount realized by the Metropolitan Fair in New York. Should this surmise prove to be correct, it will be a big thing for that "inland village," as New Yorkers sarcastically delight in calling the city of Philadelphia. One thing is certain, and that is, as an exhibition, the Fair in Philadelphia is as far ahead of the New York Fair as the yacht America was ahead of the British yachting fleet, at Cowes, in 1851. That's a fact beyond cavil; "we've been there;" and if any of our New York friends are at all disposed to doubt our *ipse dixit*, let them run on to the Quaker City, and judge for themselves. Last week the receipts were said to be in excess of *one million of dollars*, and still going ahead.

GOOD WINES AND LIQUORS are very marketable articles in Denver City, C. T., and the miners in that region know how to appreciate them when they get them of the first best quality, and are willing to pay a good price for the same. Knowing this to be so, Messrs. J. H. Eames & Co., like wise and liberal caterers, have purchased a large stock of the same from the celebrated vaults corner of Read street and Broadway, in this city, of which the well known dealer, Mr Gregory Redmond, whose name gives character to the various brands he places in the market, is the proprietor. Our Denver friends will now know where to get pure beverages, and knowing, will not be dilatory in sampling the late importations by Messrs. Eames & Co.

THE PRIZES to be shot for by the Philadelphia Rifle Club on the 21st and 22d inst., are on exhibition at the Central Fair.

THE AMERICAN SCULLING CHAMPSIONSHIP.

JAMES HAMILL AND JOSHUA WARD,

CHAMPION AND EX-CHAMPION, MATCHED.

DISTANCE, FIVE MILES. DATE, JULY 19TH. STAKES, $1,000.

AT length we have the pleasure of stating by authority, that these two leading scullers of America, James Hamill, the Champion of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Joshua Ward, of Cornwall, N. Y., ex-champion, are again matched, and that the citizens of Pittsburgh and all those who may visit the Iron City on that date, will have the great gratification of seeing them again contend for the Championship of American waters in one of those exciting sculling contests. As stated in our last issue, the articles of agreement as then published were drawn up and signed by Ward and sent on to Hamill for his signature; which were in due time returned with the clause in regard to accompanying boats erased; and the paragraph in regard to the turn amended, allowing Ward the choice if the course was fixed below the bridge only. To the erasure in regard to the boats, Ward consented, but held out in regard to the choice of turn, as he considered that the basis on which he was willing to row on the Monongahela at all. We at once communicated with Hamill, giving the state of affairs, and in response, received a letter from him dated Pittsburgh, June 17th, in which he says:—

"The match having progressed thus far, it shall not be stopped by me. Mr. Ward can have his mode of turning as he shall select. I agree to turn from right to left to please Mr. Ward, though it is not the usual way of turning adopted at boat races. Hoping this will settle all differences between us,

I am yours respectfully, JAMES HAMILL.

PITTSBURGH, June 17, 1864.

Thus, by mutual concession, this match has been arranged in a friendly manner, and we sincerely hope that that line of conduct may characterize the proceedings during the intervening time, the race, and up to its conclusion, to the end that we may have a fair test of who is the best man in the first championship sculling match of '64.

Both men are known as first-class experts in sculling exercise, and have contended against each other before, twice on the Schuylkill, Pa., both of which Hamill won, and twice at Poughkeepsie, of which each won one, Hamill being the victor in the last, since when he has of course held the proud title of champion sculler of American waters. What the result of the forthcoming contest on July 19 will be it is impossible and useless to prophecy, but that Hamill is the favorite it is useless to deny, his victory on the last occasion at Poughkeepsie having given him immense prestige, not only in Pittsburgh, but in New York and all other places where fast sculling is taken cognizance of. The whole of Hamill's money is up and half of Ward's, and the other half will have to be placed in our hands on or before July 5th. The present match will prove to be a brilliant opening for the sculling campaign of 1864, and we hope it will prove to be as interesting and exciting yet amicable a contest as the most sanguine and interested can wish. The CLIPPER will, as a matter of course, give all of interest in regard to this match each week up to and after the finale. Were it possible we would wish success to both men, but as there must be a loser, we must perforce fall back on the old motto of "may the best man win."

McCLELLAN AND GRANT.

THOSE who have been laboring so hard to ruin and ridicule "Little Mac" for his failure to capture Richmond, don't have so much to say about that General, now that they have discovered that taking Richmond is not such an easy job as they anticipated, even with the hero of Vicksburg to lead our army on to the rebel capital. McClellan fought a series of battles, almost in sight of Richmond, and inflicted terrible punishment upon the enemy, while suffering greatly himself; the rebel ranks were filled as fast as our artillery mowed them down, while our own men had to fight on without reinforcements and without the co-operation of divisions which had been promised them. Who doubts that McClellan and his army would have entered Richmond if he had received the support that Gen. Grant has received? Not only has Gen. Grant's army received reinforcements from the moment it entered upon the campaign, but other armies have been operating against the rebel capital from other positions than that occuped by the Army of the Potomac, and yet, up to this writing, Gen. Grant is no nearer Richmond then Gen. McClellan was; although, with the men he has under him, and diversions in his favor going on elsewhere, we have hopes that he may yet secure the prize for which he is aiming. We have every confidence in Gen. Grant, as we had, and still have in Gen. McClellan, and have not the slightest intention to endeavor to disparage his efforts in his campaign against Richmond; all we desire is, to show the public that with equal facilities, and the same support from the administration that Gen. Grant has had, Gen. McClellan's peninsular campaign would have ended successfully. We unreasonably expected more from Gen. McClellan and his single army than we expect from Grant, Butler, Smith, and their various armies combined. The people now begin to see this aspect of the case in its true light, and that is one reason why the abuse of Gen. McClellan is not so persistent or bitter as it formerly was. When McClellan attempted the capture of Richmond we greatly underrated the abilities and resources of the rebels; we have since learned that they are a "chip off the old block," and fight just as hard as our own brave men have fought.

SPORTSMEN'S CLUB CONVENTION.—The sixth annual convention of the Sportsmen's Club of New York State was held in this city on the 14th, 15th and 16th inst. The programme of proceedings comprised rifle and pistol shooting on the first day; casting the fly and bass line on the second day, with single trap shooting; and double trap shooting on the third day. Centreville Course, L. I., was the appointed spot for the members to compete for the various prizes. As the only parties present to compete for the pistol shooting prize belonged to the New York Sportsmen's Club, it did not come off. The prize for the rifle shooting was won by Mr. James Meyer, Jr., of New York, his competitors being Chas. Bradford, Detroit; Royal Phelps, New York, and C. E. Whitehead, New York. The distance was one hundred yards, off-hand, open sights, rifle and ammunition unrestricted. The contest for casting

THE TURF.

Fashion Course, Long Island.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22d.

THE SECOND AND LAST GREAT TROTTING CONTEST

between those renowned champions of the Trotting Turf,

GENERAL BUTLER,
ROBERT FILLINGHAM,
and JOHN MORGAN,

FOR A PURSE AND STAKE OF $1,750,

will take place on WEDNESDAY. Mile heats, 3 in 5 to wagon. The intense excitement that prevailed during the trot in harness between the same horses on Wednesday the 15th, and the enthusiasm created by the keenness of the contest among the thousands assembled on the course warrants the belief that the coming great trot to wagons will be of the most deeply interesting character. The most ample provisions will be made for the comfort and protection of all the visitors. A large police force will be in attendance for the preservation of order. The race is play or pay.

ALL THREE ARE WELL.

ALL THREE CERTAIN STARTERS.

SPECIAL TRAINS will be run at 11½ A.M., and 1½, P. M., from Hunter's Point, and THE LAST SPECIAL in time for the Trot, at 2½ P. M., the boat leaving JAMES' SLIP, at 2 P. M. Boats leave Thirty-fourth street Ferry every five minutes. 11-1t

A CAPITAL TROT.—The past week has witnessed quite a carnival of trotting sport on those two far-famed Long Island tracks, the Union and the Fashion Courses. On the former, the sweepstakes race for $400, between Lady Blake, Sally Come Up, and Jimmy Lynch, on the 14th inst., and the $500 purse between Shark, Dexter, and Forrest Chief have been the great events of the week; while on the Fashion Course the race between the three most famous trotting cracks now on the American Turf, Robert Fillingham, General Butler, and John Morgan, has been the object of the most absorbing interest in sporting circles.

The race between Sally Come Up, Jimmy Lynch, and Lady Blake was at mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. Patrick Henry (in harness) was also entered but did not start. Jimmy Lynch, who was trained and driven by James D. McMann, although not quite up to the mark in condition, was the favorite in the numerous pool sales of the regular track auctioneers, Messrs. Somerindyke and Armstrong, bringing $76 in pools of $100, Lady Blake $21, and Sally Come Up $20. Sally was driven by her trainer, Hiram Woodruff, and many who witnessed her fine speed and lasting endurance in her trots with Cardinal at the commencement of the season, followed the example of her spirited owner, Mr. McMahon, and backed her pretty heavily. Lady Blake belongs to Mr. Martin, and was driven by the clever and straight-forward trainer, Dan Pfifer. The first heat was won by Lady Blake by four lengths in 2:42; Sally Come Up being second, and Jimmy Lynch as far behind. The winner of the heat was at once installed first favorite, being backed against the field. The second heat was won by Jimmy Lynch, for, although he crossed the score on the run, the other two had broken so repeatedly in the heat that the judges awarded the race to him; time, 2:43. Another change in the speculative market now ensued; it was perceived that Lynch was tiring, owing to lack of condition, and Sally Come Up was made the favorite at $100 to $80 against the field. She won the third heat after a fine race with Lady Blake in 2:44½. In the fourth heat Jim Eoff took Jimmy Lynch in hand in place of McMann, as the former had backed him to win heavily; he, however, could make no better of him, as he only just managed to save his distance. Sally was backed at $100 to $20, but Lady Blake, admirably driven by Pfifer, won the heat by a length in 2:44. In the fifth heat, Eoff returned Lynch to McMann, saying he had had enough of him, and some spirited betting between the two mares ensued. A splendid race up the straight ended in Lady Blake beating Sally by a length in 2:44, Jimmy Lynch a long way behind. A better contested or more exciting race has seldom been witnessed on this track. We give the summary:

UNION COURSE, L. I., Tuesday, June 14,—Sweepstakes $400, mile heats, best three in five.

D. Pfifer named b m Lady Blake, to wagon	1	3	2	1
H. Woodruff named br m Sally Come Up to wagon	2	2	1	2
J. D. McMann named b g Jimmy Lynch, to wagon	3	1	3	3
Mr. Walterson named b g Patrick Henry, in harness	dr			

TIME.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First heat	:40	1:20	2:42
Second heat	:40	1:20	2:43
Third heat	:40	1:20	2:44½
Fourth heat	:40	1:22	2:44
Fifth heat	:41½	1:22½	2:44

THE GREATEST TROT OF THE SEASON.

THE Fashion Course, L. I., on Wednesday the 15th inst., witnessed the most exciting trotting contest that has taken place on that track since the world-famous "Queen of the Trotting Turf," Flora Temple, went against the New England stallion Ethan Allen and his running mate Socks, three years ago. The three equine competitors for the Association Purse of $1000, added to a sweepstakes of $250 each, were Robert Fillingham, General Butler, and John Morgan, confessedly the three fastest horses now on the American trotting turf. Fillingham is out of Dolly Spanker by Ryshdoe's famous stallion Hambletonian, the sire of Volunteer, Dexter, Shark, Hambletonian, Jr., Nutwood, and many other well known fast trotters; he is a very handsome brown horse, standing about 15¾ hands, and his fine, sweeping action was greatly admired. He seemed to carry rather too much flesh for a bruising race, but his driver and trainer Sam McLaughlin looked sanguine of success. General Butler was in splendid condition, his glossy black coat shining like satin in the glancing rays of the sun, and bearing evidence of the care that John Crooks, his trainer, had bestowed upon his preparation. He was driven by John Lovett; and his owner, Mr. Harry Genet, as he followed the magnificent looking black gelding with admiring eyes, openly expressed his confidence of winning. Butler is by Smith Burr out of a Mount Holly mare, and was bred on Long Island and purchased by his present owner for $3000, about three years ago. John Morgan, owned by Mr. William Mead of Boston, is a strong, large-framed sorrel gelding, nearly sixteen hands high, and is by Pilot, Jr., out of a Medoc mare. He was first brought into notice some four years ago when he trotted twice against Flora Temple on the Centreville Course, L. I., and was defeated on both occasions. He has since beaten the gray gelding Rockingham and the Hartford gelding Prince, and had made so great improvement that his owner thought his chance of winning this race was very rosy. He was trained by James Turner, and we thought that he was far from being up to the mark in condition, as his coat looked dull and rusty.

Every preparation for the accommodation of visitors had been made by the jolly manager of the track, Mr. Joseph Crocheron, and for this purpose the start took place from the old stand, which can hold a greater number of spectators than the new stand, both of which were crowded with occupants. The number of elegant carriages and splendid turnsout in the enclosure was unprecedented, while it was estimated there were eight thousand persons on the stands. The betting was very heavy, this race having created intense interest among trotting and sporting men for some time past. During the previous week, speculation was very brisk in those city resorts of the sports, the Hone House and Lafayette Hall. At the former place, one bet of $7000 to $5000 on Fillingham against the field was laid, while at the latter resort Messrs. Somerindyke and Armstrong did a heavy business in pool selling every night. The prices here ruled about two to one in favor of Fillingham against the field, the partisans of the Hambletonian backing him with an amount of money and display of confidence which seemed to signify that the race, bar accident, was virtually over. At the pool selling at the hotel in the morning, Messrs. Somerindyke and Armstrong did a heavy business, the prices ranging as follows: Robert Fillingham $100, General Butler, $30, and John Morgan $20. On the track the sales ruled in the $500 pools; Fillingham $405, Butler $145, and Morgan $50. The pool auctioneers did a large amount of business, for over fifty $500 and unlimited pools were disposed of before the race. The betting outside the pools ranged about $1000 to $500 on Fillingham against the field; $700 against $1000 that Butler beat Morgan; and $300 to $100 against Butler winning the race. The betting was heavier than we have known for a long time on a trotting race, the Fillingham party, it is said, investing the large amount of $30,000 on their equine representative. Mr. Genet, the owner of General Butler, supported his horse with the greatest spirit, not only buying him in pools, but backing him against John Morgan, and taking the offered odds about Fillingham winning. John Morgan's chance was not much fancied, except in connection with General Butler in bets of the field against Fillingham. The time bets were numerous, 2:22 being marked. As the horses were warming up, in passing the stand, as the driver Jim Turner was in the act of stopping John Morgan after a sharp brush, the bit broke in his mouth, and the bridle coming over his head, all control was lost over the horse, who at once started into a gallop. Turner endeavored to throw himself out of the back of the sulky, and succeeded in doing so, although he came heavily to the ground, injuring himself so much that he was unable to drive, and Dan Mace was substituted for him. The sorrel gelding galloped to the half mile pole before he was stopped, and considerable delay ensued before another bridle could be procured. It was a few moments past four o'clock P. M. when the horses came up for the

First Heat. The favorite had the pole, John Morgan next, and General Butler outside. After two unsuccessful attempts they got the word to a very good send off, General Butler breaking directly afterwards, and John Morgan taking second place to Fillingham, who led around the turn and to the quarter pole by two lengths in 36 secs.; Butler, who had passed John Morgan on the first quarter when the latter broke, being second. Sweeping along the backstretch Fillingham widened the gap, and at the half mile pole, which was reached in 1 min. 13¼ secs., was three lengths in front, Morgan being a length behind the black gelding. Going past the new stand General Butler began to close on Fillingham, and at the three-quarter pole was only a length and a half behind, Morgan on the run about the same distance behind the black horse. Coming up the homestretch, Lovett sent Butler along, and joining issue with the Hambletonian stallion, a magnificent race ensued, the latter, who had the whip freely applied, eventually winning the heat by half a length in 2:26, Butler, who broke within twenty yards of the score, being a length before John Morgan.

Second Heat. No less than six attempts at scoring were made before the judges gave the word "go" to a good start. General Butler broke before they had reached the turn, where Morgan was in front, but being carried off his feet, Fillingham passed him and led to the quarter pole two lengths ahead of the sorrel gelding in 37 secs., Butler a length behind Morgan. On the backstretch Butler began to trot in his most brilliant style, and rapidly catching and passing Morgan, closed rapidly on the brown stallion. The latter still kept two lengths ahead at the half mile pole, passing it in 1:13½, Morgan four lengths behind. Passing the new stand Butler again showed a fine brush of speed, and at the three quarter pole got on even terms with him, and they swung into the homestretch lapped wheel and wheel together. A beautiful and spirited contest ensued, the black gelding having a neck the best of it at the distance stand, while McLaughlin was using the whip freely on Fillingham, who, answering gamely and trotting steadily, went over the score head and head with Butler. The latter, however, had broken within half a dozen lengths of the stand, and crossed the score on a run, three lengths ahead of Morgan. The heat was consequently awarded by the judges to Robert Fillingham. Time, 2:26¾.

Third Heat. The friends of the Hambletonian horse were so sanguine of winning, well-knowing the speed and endurance of their brown stallion, that they did not hesitate to lay $1000 to $500 on his winning. These odds were taken three or four times, Messrs. Genet and Louis Bieral being the backers of the field against the favorite; their confidence in the handsome black gelding being unshaken. The horses had a good start, Fillingham taking the lead, with Butler second. Both the latter and Morgan broke before they rounded the turn, leaving Fillingham in undisputed possession of the lead. At the quarter pole, which was passed in 35 secs., he was three lengths ahead of Butler, and the latter equally as far in advance of Morgan. At the half mile the favorite had widened the gap to five lengths; time, 1:10½. Butler now began to close up, and before they reached the three-quarter pole, was within a couple of short lengths of the favorite. Coming up the home stretch, Fillingham pulled out from the railing and took the middle of the track, Morgan on the outside, while Butler, who was on a run, took the inside track. A fine trial of speed ensued, the pace being extraordinarily fast, and both Morgan and Butler closing on the stallion, who appeared to be tiring at every stride, when the driver of Fillingham, whether intentionally or from his horse swerving from distress, we cannot possibly state, although we really think from the latter cause, drew him across the track and crowded Butler on the rails, completely destroying the latter's chance of winning and causing him to break up. Fillingham then crossed the score half a length ahead of Morgan in 2:24. An appeal of foul driving against McLaughlin was made by Lovett, and after long and mature deliberation, the judges adjudged the heat to John Morgan and declared Robert Fillingham distanced.

Four Heat. The ruling out of Fillingham carried dismay into the ranks of his numerous backers, who were already mentally counting up their supposed winnings. The friends of Butler were proportionally jubilant, for they felt certain of his ability to beat Morgan, notwithstanding the latter had got one heat in the race. Offers to bet $1000 to $800 that Butler won were numerous, but the backers of Morgan were scarce. After two attempts, Morgan went off with a lead of half a length around the turn, where he broke, and Butler, after passing him, followed his example. Morgan then resumed his lead, and at the quarter pole, which was reached in 38¼secs., was a length ahead. Going along the back stretch the black gelding closed and carrying Morgan off his feet, shot past him, and led to the half mile post by a clear length in 1:16½. He maintained his position to the three quarter pole, although Morgan was on a run coming up the home stretch. Butler broke, and Morgan joined issue with him. A splendid race was now witnessed, first one and then the other having the advantage, the black gelding at last winning a most exciting and beautiful race by a neck only, in 2:33¾.

Fifth Heat. One hundred dollars to twenty were now currently bet on General Butler winning. They tried thrice before they got the word to a very even send off, Morgan, who had shown lameness in scoring, taking the lead to the turn, where he broke, as also did Butler, but the latter caught first and led to the quarter pole in 37½secs. On the back stretch he opened a very wide gap and went to the half mile in 1:15. It was then seen that Morgan had become so lame that he could not trot, and had resigned the contest. He pulled up so dead lame at the new stand, that he could hardly walk to his stable. Butler came home a winner of the heat and race in 2:31½.

The result of this memorable race was most disastrous to the Fillingham party; the owner and his immediate friends of the horse having backed him for some $35,000. The conduct of McLaughlin, his driver, was severely criticised; some maintaining that he could have won the race even if he had been beaten in the third heat, while others contended, and we think correctly, that his horse was tiring and that he swerved on to the inside in consequence. All sorts of conjectures were hazarded, one being to the effect that the result of the race was in consequence of a deep plan to catch Jim Eoff, who it was believed was backing Fillingham heavily. Butler proved himself a thorough game horse, and fully justified his plucky and lucky owner for the confidence he placed in him, by enabling him to win all the bets (over $20,000 it is rumored), that he had on the race. We must not omit mentioning the splendid manner in which he was driven by John Lovett. Summary.

FASHION PLEASURE GROUNDS, L. I.—TROTTING.—Wednesday, June 15th.—Purse and stake $1,750, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

J. Lovett named blk g General Butler, by Smith Burr out of a Mount Holly mare	2	2	1	1
J. Turner named s g John Morgan, by Pilot, Jr., out of a Medoc mare	3	3	1	2
S. McLaughlin named br s Fillingham, by Hambletonian, out of Dolly Spanker	1	1	dis	

TIME.	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
First Heat	:36	1:13½	2:26
Second Heat	:37	1:13¾	2:25¾
Third Heat	:35½	1:10½	2:24
Fourth Heat	:38¾	1:16½	2:33¾
Fifth Heat	:37½	1:15	2:31½

THE UNION COURSE, L. I.—A FINE TROT.—On Thursday the 16th inst., the anticipation of witnessing an interesting trotting contest between the famous brown stallion Toronto Chief and the two well known sons of Hambletonian, Dexter and Shark, caused a large attendance at the Course. The race was for a purse and stake of $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. Dexter had not recovered from the lameness which caused his withdrawal from the race with Shark and Hambletonian on the Fashion Course a fortnight ago, and he consequently did not start, greatly to the indignation of Jake Somerindyke, who had backed him heavily against the field. His withdrawal caused Toronto Chief to become the favorite at $100 to $80. He was driven by his trainer, Dan Pfifer, who had him in admirable condition, and handled him beautifully throughout the race. Shark was driven in the first two heats by his trainer, Dan Mace, but in the last heat Hiram Woodruff took his place. In the first heat Toronto Chief took the lead, and kept it until half way up the home stretch, when Shark made a very energetic brush and got on even terms with the stallion, until within half a dozen lengths of the score, when he went up, and Toronto Chief won the heat by a length in 2:35¾. In the second heat the odds of $100 to $60 were laid upon Shark, notwithstanding the other had got the first heat. It was seen that Shark had a great turn of speed, and his backers felt confident that if the stallion made any mistake the former must win. Toronto Chief took the lead as before, but on going along the back stretch he broke, and the Shark party were jubilant over his mishap. Pfifer, however, had him down in a moment, and he caught up so quickly that he still maintained the lead. A capital race up the home stretch terminated in favor of the brown stallion by a length. Time, 2:37. In the third heat the backers of Shark now raised a subscription of over $900, and induced Hiram Woodruff, much against his own inclination, to drive Shark instead of Dan Mace, promising him the above sum in the event of his winning the race. The change of drivers had no effect on the result of the race, for the stallion, after a good race, won cleverly by a length in 2:38¾. Summary:

UNION COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—Thursday, June 16.—Purse and stake $500, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

D. Pfifer named br h Toronto Chief	1	1	1	
D. Mace named b g Shark	2	2	2	
H. Woodruff named b g Dexter	drawn.			

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
Time, first heat	:39½	1:18½	2:35¾
Second heat	:39	1:18¾	2:37
Third heat	:40	1:19¾	2:38¾

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—DAN MACE VS. TARTAR.—A well contested and very interesting race came off on the above Course on Friday the 17th inst., for a purse and stake of $350, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. There were originally three entries, and the conditions of the race, if three started, the second horse to save his stake. The entries were J. S. Turner's g. g. Dan Mace, Dan Mace's b g Keystone, and W. Irving's br g Tartar. Keystone has died since the entries were made, thus reducing the race to a match between Tartar and the sorrel gelding. The good form shown by Dan Mace in his recent race and victory over the Hartford gelding Prince, made him the favorite in the betting, $100 to $50 being laid on his winning. Turner not being able to drive him, on account of the injuries received from jumping from his sulky when driving Morgan in the race on Wednesday, when the bit broke in his mouth, his place was filled by John Lovett, whose admirable skill as a driver is becoming generally acknowledged. Tartar, who now belongs to Mr. James Irving, was driven by Robert Walker, and he won the first heat by two lengths in 2:29¼. In the second heat the friends of Dan Mace, undeterred by the victory of Tartar in the first heat, still bet $100 to $80 on his winning. After a good race, he won by a length in 2:30¼. In the third heat, the odds being $100 to $20, Dan Mace again won, after a very close struggle, in 2:32½, and he repeated his success in the fourth heat in 2:32½, thus winning the race.

FASHION COURSE, L. I.—Friday, June 17.—Purse and stake $350, p p, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, for horses that never trotted in less than 2:30.

J. S. Turner entered s g Dan Mace	2	1	1	
R. Walker entered b g Tartar	1	2	2	2
Mr. —— entered b g Keystone	dead.			

	Quarter.	Half.	Mile.
Time, first heat	:35½	1:13½	2:29¼
Second heat	:36½	1:14½	2:30¾
Third heat	:37	1:16	2:32½
Fourth heat	:36	1:15	2:32½

ON Saturday the 18th inst., a $300 sweepstakes was trotted for on the Union Course, L. I., for which three horses started. As it did not present any unusual features of interest, we give the summary to make the record of the week's trotting complete:

UNION COURSE, L. I.—Saturday, June 18.—Sweepstakes $300, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff entered blk s St. Lawrence	2	1	1	
R. Walker entered r m Lady Gaffney	1	2	2	2
Mr. Rowley entered b g Napoleon IV	3	dis.		

Time—3:08; 2:55; 3:00; 3:05.

THE FILLINGHAM, BUTLER, AND MORGAN TROT.—The second trot between these three celebrated trotting cracks, Robert Fillingham, General Butler, and John Morgan, comes off on the Fashion Course, L. I., on Wednesday next, the 22d inst. This race is to wagons, mile heats, best three in five, for a purse and stake of $1,750. It is anticipated that great as was the interest felt in and vast as was the attendance at the race on the 15th inst., both will be eclipsed at their second and last meeting together on the 22d inst. Fillingham's partisans feel the greatest confidence in his ability to win, notwithstanding the unfortunate *contretemps* on the last occasion, which deprived him of the fruits of victory when almost within his grasp. The owner of General Butler is equally sanguine of the handsome black gelding repeating his last week's victory, and has already backed him at even money for a heavy amount to beat Fillingham in the race. Morgan's friends believe that his power and endurance will be best served in the rig to wagons. All three will go and a good race witnessed. Mr. Crocheron, the manager, has made the most ample arrangements for the comfort of the visitors, and the disgraceful mismanagement of the Flushing railroad trains will not occur again.

GREAT TROTTING MATCH FOR $4000 AT DENVER CITY.—A very exciting trotting match for $4000, two mile heats, best three in five, in harness, came off between Wm. Ford's g. g. Gray Eagle and M. Darby's b. g. Reindeer, on the Denver City trotting track, on the 4th inst. In a previous match between these two horses, Reindeer had won, which led to the making of the race in question. Our space prevents us giving more than the summary, merely observing that Reindeer was distanced in the fourth heat for foul driving. Summary:—

Denver Course, June 4th, 1864. Purse, $4000. Two mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

Wm. Ford named g. g. Gray Eagle	2	2	1	1	
Darby named b. g. Reindeer	1	1	2	dist.	

Time, 5:20; 5:26; 5:38; 5:35.

THE ENGLISH BILLIARD CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.—On Friday evening, May 20, John Roberts, the English Champion, played his farewell match (prior to leaving England for Australia) with William Dufton, who received 400 points in 1000. Dufton commenced the game by giving a miss, Roberts followed by scoring, and despite all Dufton's fine play, the champion won by 491 points. At the conclusion of the play, one of Roberts' patrician admirers said, when the shouts of applause had somewhat subsided, "Gentlemen, our friend John Roberts, who has this evening given us such a treat as no one else at billiards is capable of doing, is about to seek 'fresh fields and pastures new,' for the exercise of his talent in his vocation, and I am sure that you will give him three hearty cheers that shall ring in his ears for many a day, and prove that his friends wish him, as I am sure we all do, health, happiness, and prosperity in the land to which he is going." This kind and generous speech was loudly responded to, and Roberts, who seemed highly gratified with the tone and sympathy of the eloquent observations that called forth such cheering, said, "Gentlemen, I assure you I am extremely obliged to you for your kind wishes," and so the evening's entertainment was brought to a close.

A VALUABLE "DORG."—At a Dog Show recently held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington (London), was exhibited a canine specimen valued by its owner at £1,500. How's that, Arry?

ROYALTY AMONG THE CANINES.—The Prince of Wales was an exhibitor at the late Islington (London) Dog Show, and carried off the first prize for Newfoundlands by his black dog Cabot. Some of the dogs exhibited by the Prince had been raised by the late Prince Consort.

THE RING.

CLIPPER SHADES,

NO. 11 STATE STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO.

JOE NAPOLEON wishes to inform his friends and the public in general, that he is now Proprietor of this Sporting Hostelrie, and will do all in his power to make his visitors' calls agreeable.

Private Lessons given in the Art of Boxing by

11- JOHNNY HICKEY.

THE DOGS "BULL" and "BONEY,"

Owned respectively by

JOHNNY GOLDEN and FELIX PETERSON.

Are matched to fight for $100 a side, on June 28.

Further particulars may be learned at GOLDEN'S, 136 Butler street, Brooklyn, or PETERSON'S, Greenpoint. 11-

THE RUBY, 81 Mercer Street.

HANK McCOTTER & PATSY EGAN, Proprietors.

The best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars the market affords, and a hearty welcome to all. 11-2t*

JIM HEENAN, CON FITZGERALD, AND THAT NOVICE.

Everybody was taken by surprise on reading the paragraph in our last wherein a Novice challenged all America for $500 a side and Jim Heenan for $1000 a side, and everybody wanted to know who he was and what he was. Much as we'd like to, we have no license to gratify this curiosity and give his name to the world; it is enough to know that he is no dummy, but a live boxer, real flesh and blood, and no slouch. Two or three big 'uns said if they only knew who he was, they might give him a brush, although none came out point blank. The general impression is that the Unknown is Mike Norton or "Crow;" this, however, is not so, as the Captain has other objects in view next election, and therefore has nothing to do with fighting any more.

The prospect of a match between Con Fitzgerald and Jim Heenan created no end of gossip, from Johnny Hanson's to Sam Felter's, the respective headquarters of Cornele and James, and not a few bets, in the shape of hats, gloves, wine, suppers, etc., have been wagered that they would or would not fight. Should they ever meet, though, the losers would lose with a good grace, to see that consummation so devoutly to be wished for, Fitzgerald and Heenan matched for $2,000 or $3,000 a side. Con's friends have been talking the matter over amongst themselves, and it is believed he could raise a big stake, while from the solid men behind Heenan, money would be of little object to them. Such being the case if the men themselves are only willing, we see no earthly reason to prevent a second battle for the Championship of America, for it would be every way equal in importance to the McCoole and Coburn fight, and as the latter will be absent for some time, we should like to see the ball kept in motion.

Meanwhile the Novice's bold challenge to fight any man for $1,000 in America is still open. Is there nobody with gaul enough to take it up?

EXPLANATORY CARD FROM DOONEY HARRIS.—There seems to have been an undercurrent at work trying to do Dooney Harris all the injury possible since his fight with Patsy Marley, and although Dooney has hitherto treated all these matters with silent contempt, in view of the probability of his meeting the Colorado Champion, he wishes to set himself right before the eyes of those not acquainted with the real facts of the case, so that no unjust prejudice may exist against him in case of his journey to other cities. Thus sayeth Dooney:

NEW YORK, June 17, 1864.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER: My attention has been called to several cards in your paper reflecting against my character, and as I have never yet had a chance to vindicate myself, I trust you will allow me the same privilege as my enemies, that of answering these snakes in the grass, who neither give name or address, but, for jealousy and revenge of some imaginary cause, cut and stab in the dark like cowardly assassins. In the first place, concerning myself and my friend Elliott, I never asked to have any trainer, being able to train myself except the rubbing down part of it, which required no great amount of skill, but when he came, not wishing to keep a good man from a job, I agreed to give him $100 if I won, which agreement I fulfilled to the letter. What earthly use I could have been to him in jail is more than I can see, but this much I do know—if I had ever shown my mug in Jersey, it's no two to one that they wouldn't have lugged me, too, and although I am as sorry as anybody for Elliott, it would have shown very bad judgment on my part to have got copped on the same charge.

Secondly: I have been charged with acting mean towards Marley after defeating him in a fair and manly way. I am sure that no unprejudiced man who saw us fight will say that I committed any wrong act or misbehaved myself towards my opponent, whereas Marley by his taunts and jibing disgusted even his best friends. I am prepared to make affidavit that he spit in my face, spiked me, and hit me very low in different stages of the fight, wilfully and maliciously, taking every unfair advantage he knew how when he found out that I was his master. Notwithstanding all this, after the fight was over, when I went to shake hands with him and make up friends, he turned his back upon me as though I were a dog. In view of all these things, I consider myself perfectly justifiable in not contributing towards the purse raised for him when the stakes were given up (out of which stakes I only had $160 to call my own, as I shall proceed to explain shortly), for if he spurned my friend-ship and blackguarded me with all the dirty language he could lay his tongue to, I should have been a pretty fool to go and give him money after all that. It was all well enough for those who won their money on me to act as they pleased with it, but if they had been in my place they would have done the same as I did. Saying is one thing, but doing is quite another.

Thirdly: Everybody seems to think that I got the whole of the stake money, $1000, but it's no such thing: all I got was $500, out of which sum I paid Mark Maguire $120 for training expenses: Elliott $100 for training me; $50 for putting up the ring: and $70 belonged to myself, which was eat up by incidental expenses incurred while training—leaving me with just $160 out of the battle money to call my own, which is rather a small sum for a winning man to fight for. The money I bet in the ring didn't belong to me, so that what I won on that score wouldn't buy a week's board and lodging. One or two gentlemen who were big winners, presented me with a certain amount of their winnings, for which I am very thankful, but taken alt gether the fight was no sinecure to me.

I have thus explained myself fully and truthfully once for all, leaving the public to judge between man and man, and whether or not I have acted unbecoming a man in my late match with Marley. With this explanation, apologizing for occupying so much space, I beg to remain, very respectfully,

DOONEY HARRIS.

SAD ACCIDENT TO CHARLEY LYNCH.—The game and fearless little American, who fought his way up against almost insurmountable objects till he became Champion of England at his weight, has, after braving danger in a hundred shapes, by a mere accident, become disabled for life. A short time ago he was wrestling with Roche, and by a sudden twist of his opponent's leg, which became locked in that of Lynch's, it snapped like a pipe stem, and although the very best medical advice was brought to bear, it became gradually worse and worse until mortification set in, and to save his life, it was expected that his leg would have to be amputated either to-day or to-morrow, the 21st. Since the accident, Lynch has been confined to Bellevue Hospital, suffering the most intense pain. As Lynch has a young wife and an interesting family who are dependent on him for support, we hope something will be done towards helping them along. Let some of his old Fourth Ward friends bury the hatchet and bestir themselves to raise a fund for the mother and children. Lynch has been the means of his friends winning many hundred dollars, and they are not the ones to forget him now that he most needs their assistance and is unable to help himself.

ANOTHER PRESENTATION TO BILLY DONNELLY.—The assistant foreman of No. 3 Engine, Billy Donnelly, is to be the recipient of a beautiful silver trumpet and costly fire cap this (Monday) evening, at Fowler's Hall, 161 Avenue B. As only 200 tickets have been issued, it promises to be a very select affair. There will be supper, singing, speech making, etc., ending in a social dance, in which the ladies will show in all their beauty and loveliness.

A CUSTOMER FOR FITZGERALD'S DOG "DAN."—In answer to Jim Fitzgerald's challenge to fight his dog "Dan" against any animal in the country; I will fight my white slut, "Fly," at 16, 16½, or 17lbs. weight, against any dog or slut in the country, for from $200 to $300; I have also got a 15½ lb. slut, for $100 to $200; I have also a slut, blind of one eye, I will fight at 16 lbs. against any dog or slut in the country at 15 lbs. for $100, by sending a deposit to the editor of the CLIPPER, or calling on Thomas Bergen, 276 Mulberry street, New York, where a match can be made in five weeks from the first deposit.

THE TOM HYER FESTIVAL.—Everything bids fair for a monster gathering at the Stuyvesant Institute this (Tuesday, the 21st) evening, and, notwithstanding the dollar arrangement, a heap of tickets have been circulated. The old War Horse was around quite lively all last week, visiting the different sporting houses, and it was good for sore eyes to see the Boss looking as well as he did. All the standard attractions of the day are to be produced, consisting of negro minstrelsy, singing, dancing, boxing, and club swinging; and there appears to be a general inclination and wish that people may not be able to get in for want of room—that Tom may come out as good as Ned Wilson did, and one or two other good men who have had shows at the Stuyvesant. At Sir Thomas' last benefit, Dan Bryant appeared: this time we are promised another famous Corkonian to put in an appearance. Let there be a regular jam.

SIGNS FOR THE TIMES.—Behind Brooklyn Jack's bar, in Water street, may be seen the following characteristic notice, printed in big letters: "No Tickets from Sparrers, and no Sauce from fighters!" Whew!

SIXTY MILES A DAY.—They've got a chap among the Blue Noses, at Halifax, named Elson, who has been trying to do the sixty-mile-a-day-for six-days feat. He is said to have recently walked that distance for two days, and gone forty miles on the third, when, owing to the hilly nature of the road, he had to give it up. He threatens to try it on in another part of Nova Scotia.

WHAT ALF. WALKER IS DOING.—Alfred, the brother of John, who defeated Joe Holles, the Spider, has given up the gin business, and is now conducting a well-regulated gymnasium in Philadelphia, where he still continues to give lessons in the art pugilistic. Alf's address is, Walnut street, between 4th and 5th streets.

DOG FIGHT FOR JUNE 29.—Denny Kirwan's dog, "Tag," and Sheffield George's "Nelson" are matched for $100 a side, at 22 lbs., and the affair comes off on the 29th. The "muss" promises to be a very interesting one to all but the canines. The "tip" can be learned at any of the sporting drums.

MORE PITTSBURGHERS.—Jim Williams, of the Bowery Saloon, Pittsburgh, and Luke O'Brien, were on here a couple of days last week, sounding the market in connection with the Hamill and Ward race. Williams is Hamill's principal backer, and took back with him Jimmy's new boat.

IZZY LAZARUS, JR., AND YOUNG FRANKS returned from California on the 15th inst., having but few of the old New York boys behind. They say "things is dull" and all the "banks" are closed but one. Jim Barclay, who ranks second to Tom Maguire in the sporting line, left Frisco, it is said, with "that pretty horse-breaker."

FEATHER-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF ELIZABETH, N. J.—I hereby challenge John Mathaler, of the city of Elizabeth, N.J., to a fair stand-up fight, according to the rules of the English Prize Ring, at catch-weight, in two weeks after notice, for $100 a side or over. JOHN MCCARTY, Champion of feather-weights of the city of Elizabeth, N.J.

HANK MCCOTTER AND PATSY EGAN, two highly popular young fellows, originally hailing from Albany, have rented the whole building at 81 Mercer street, and christened it "The Ruby," where they intend to have a saloon second to none in the city, having got the lease of the premises for several years. Their wide-spread popularity ought to make it an attractive and highly remunerative concern.

FRANK BROWER wishes us to correct the rumor that he has promised to perform at Tom Hyer's benefit. He indignantly asserts that his name was used without his consent; and as to let it go uncontradicted would tend to injure him in the eyes of his friends and the public, he takes this method of making his title clear.

SHORT BUT MERRY MILL NEAR ST. LOUIS BETWEEN TOM DONNELLY AND TIM MONAHAN.—An impromptu mill came off near the Seven Mile House, St. Louis, Mo., on the 13th inst., between Tim Monahan, of St. Louis, and Tom Donnelly, of New York, during Rocky Moore's sojourn there, when his services were called into requisition as second for the New Yorker, in company with Sher Thurston. Monahan was seconded by Bill Carroll and a friend; Frank Gurley was chosen referee. We copy the following brief notice of the affair from the *Democrat* of that city:

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1. The men appeared to be about the same size and weight, and were in pretty fair condition. Considerable sparring took place. At length Donnelly let fly his left, but was short. Monahan returned on his sneezer, when they closed, and Donnelly was thrown.

2. Tim dashed in his left on the mouth, drawing the ruby. First blood for Monahan. Wild exchanges ensued; Donnelly knocked down.

3. Both quick to the scratch. They countered each other several times, when Monahan was knocked down.

4. Donnelly slow to time. He had a mouse under his left eye, and the carmine was flowing copiously from a cut over the right. A few hits were exchanged, when Donnelly was thrown.

5. Long sparring. Monahan led off with the right, catching Donnelly on the mouth; some in fighting, when they got to the ropes, both fibbing away merrily until Donnelly was down.

6. Donnelly came up, looking rather groggy, when Monahan darted at him with the left on the mark. Both commenced to hit right and left, when Donnelly was knocked down.

7. Rather slow exchanges, when Donnelly turned, was followed, and received a stinging upper-cut from Monahan, when he slipped and fell.

8. Donnelly, a little brisker, followed Tim, who gave him some stoppers. Donnelly pursued, got in one on Tim's nack, which Tim returned, and Donnelly fell.

9. A few exchanges, then long sparring. A counter and Monahan down.

10 and last. Monahan sent in his right on Donnelly's breadbasket, and followed it with a few on the proboscis, when Donnelly fell from weakness, and cried *peccavi*.

The fight lasted twenty minutes.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.—A St. Louis correspondent, F. C., sends us a long account of this fight, but too late for this issue. We have only room for whatever is new in his letter. He says that the fight was for $100 a side, Monaghan backing himself, while some friends found the stuff for the New Yorker. Jerry Donavan and Pat Carroll seconded Monaghan, and Rockey Ford and Sherman Thurston looked after Donnelly. Frank Curry was referee. George Looney was umpire for Tim, and a friend acted in that capacity for Tom. The difference in the names will be noticeable, but as our informant knows all hands, his version, we take it, is the most correct one.

A SUCKER AND A FRAUD.—A bounty-jumper, calling himself Jack Parton, and representing himself to be *the* Jack Parton, the boxer, is travelling through the Western country, giving sparring exhibitions and swindling the people. This nondescript was at Empire Hall, Akron, Ohio, Saturday, May 21. One of the bills which our friend Jem Colbert secured and brought on for our inspection, reads as follows:

EMPIRE HALL.

GRAND SPARRING EXHIBITION,

At Akron, May 21, 1864, for the benefit of

JACK PARTON,

Who defeated Bob Hall, of Manchester; the Gipsey, of Leicester; Gillidgham, of Brighton; Patsey, of St. Helens, and Con Orem, the American Indian.

There will be a grand display of the Fancy from New York.

N. B.—Patsy Marley, Con Orem, and many others too numerous to mention.

This fellow may think himself smart in thus having deceived the public, but he will have run the length of his tether when this notice finds

THE OLD FOLKS' ROOM.

The old man sat by the chimney side;
His face was wrinkled and wan,
As he leaned both his hands on his stout oak cane,
As if all his work was done.

His coat was of good old fashioned gray,
The pockets were deep and wide,
Where his "specs" and his steel tobacco-box
Lie snugly side by side.

The old man liked to stir the fire,
So near him the tongs were kept;
Sometimes he mused as he gazed at the coals,
Sometimes he sat and slept.

What saw he in the embers there?
Ah! pictures of other years;
And now and then they wakened smiles,
But often started tears.

His good wife sat on the other side,
In a high-back flag-seat chair,
I see 'neath the pile of her muslin cap
The sheen of her silvery hair.

There's a happy look on her aged face,
As she busily knits for him,
And Nellie takes up the stitches dropped,
For grandmother's eyes are dim.

Their children come and read the news,
To pass the time each day;
How it stirs the blood in the old man's heart
To hear of the world away.

'Tis a homely scene, I told you so,
But pleasant it is to view;
At least I thought it so myself,
And sketched it down for you.

Be kind unto the old, my friend,
They're worn with this world's strife.
Though bravely once perchance they fought
The stern, fierce battle of life.

They fought our youthful feet to climb
Upward life's rugged steep;
Then let us gently lead them down
To where the weary sleep.

A SWIMMING RACE;
OR,
Desperate Encounter in Water.

My chum, Tom Hawser, did not long remain in Valparaiso after he was discharged from the ship Cumberland. His nautical nose led him back to the water.

He shipped in a Chilian vessel, bound to the Sandwich Islands. The craft was a beautiful one—a trim little brig—with masts that were round and tapering, like the uplifted arms of a belle, and a bow as gracefully moulded as the bosom of a swan. Her well-proportioned hull seemed scarcely to touch the water when, with swelling sails, she glided upon her course like a white-winged bird as it skims along the grass of the prairie. Tom was delighted with the brig. The crew, however, did not please him. There were four men in the forecastle besides himself, as dirty and disagreeable a set as he had ever encountered. Seven of them were Chilians and the rest were Kanakas. They would swear and wrangle from morning till night, making so much noise that Tom found it impossible to sleep in the daytime when it was his watch below.

On a certain occasion he remonstrated, when one, a big, burly fellow, with a monstrous head, and with shoulders like those of a giant, started to his feet, and drawing a knife, ordered the complainant to lie down again.

"Me will cut your throat if you make objection!" he added, brandishing his weapon with a threatening air, as he witnessed the angry flash that gleamed in Tom's eyes.

The bullying manner of the giant quickly roused the ire of the American, and, obeying a sudden impulse, he dashed the knife from the grasp of the owner with a blow upon his wrist. Leaping from his bunk almost at the same moment, he threw himself upon the person of the burly Chilian with a force which sent him heavily backwards. As he fell to the deck his temple came in contact with the edge of an oak chest, and he lost all consciousness.

When his countrymen beheld his motionless figure, they levelled a perfect torrent of yells and execrations against the American; and hardly had he regained his feet when they rushed towards him in a body, with the intention of avenging their shipmate.

Tom, however, picked a handspike from the deck, and swinging it about with a will, contrived to keep his antagonists at bay.

Nevertheless, he would soon have been overpowered had it not been for the interference of the captain and his mates, who, attracted by the uproar, arrived upon the spot at the very moment when two of the men had succeeded in wrenching the handspike from the grasp of the young sailor.

As Tom was the best seaman in the brig, and as a few rattlins were required in the foretopmast shrouds, the officers took the part of our hero, and ordered the Chilians to disperse. The men obeyed reluctantly, casting many dark glances upon Tom, and breathing low, muttered threats and execrations against him.

In the meantime, the giant having recovered his senses, had risen to his feet and commenced to wash his head in cold water. Although he did not say a word to Hawser, not even look toward him, there was a certain expression in his eyes which warned the American to be on his guard. He believed that his late antagonist would adopt some secret plan of revenge, would await an opportunity to attack him while he was unprepared for defence—to strike him from behind or in the dark.

As day after day passed away, however, and the Chilians did not attempt to interfere with him, Tom came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken, and as a natural consequence he became less watchful.

One morning while the vessel was within a few hundred miles of the place of her destination, she was brought to a "stand still" by a dead calm.

The surface of the sea was like a polished mirror. Not a ripple upon the water, not a cloud in the sky. The sun's heat was intense, the pitch started from the deck-planks, and the melted tar glistened upon the shrouds. The men who had been in the habit of going bare-footed were compelled to wear shoes upon this occasion, otherwise the heated planks would have blistered the soles of their feet.

Presently the captain and his mates were seen to make preparations for swimming. In a short time they were diving from the bulwarks, or rolling about luxuriously in the water.

The men decided to follow their example. Tom Hawser was a good diver and an excellent swimmer. Mounting to the fore-topsail yard he ran to the weather end, and sprang into the sea.

He was followed by the Chilian giant, and then striking out simultaneously, both men swam away from the brig.

"A race! a race!" shouted the rest of the crew. Tom glanced toward the giant, and the latter returned the glance in a manner which said plainly, "I challenge you."

Resolving not to be outdone by his burly shipmate, the American exerted himself with such skill that he was soon enabled to pass the other.

He could now hear the Chilian blowing like a porpoise behind him, and as long as that noise saluted his ears he continued his course; for, although he was already a long distance from the brig, he determined that he would not be the first to turn. The giant seemed to have formed the same resolution, and followed his companion boldly. He was a good swimmer, and had Tom watched him closely, he would have perceived that he did not exert himself so much as he might have done, but seemed well satisfied that the American should take the lead.

The distance between the two men and their vessel was becoming greater every moment. The hull of the brig, as the American could perceive when he threw an occasional glance behind him, seemed to settle lower in the water every moment. His arms and legs ached with his exertions. He felt that his strength was gradually passing away. But his resolutions stoutly refused sympathy with these warnings of approaching weakness. The porpoise-like blowing of the giant in his wake still continued, and presently he thought the noise sounded nearer than before.

He turned his head and perceived, to his surprise, that the Chilian was suddenly beginning to gain upon him.

Yes, in spite of his utmost efforts, his follower was rapidly lessening the distance between them.

Nearer and nearer he came, every moment, and at length Tom could hear him puffing close upon his heels.

At the same moment a fearful sight broke upon his view—a long black fin cleaving the smooth surface of the water like a knife.

It was approaching him steadily and stealthily from an opposite direction, and already it was not more than forty-fathoms in front of him.

His blood ran cold in his veins.

The fin was that of a shark.

Before he could utter a word, however, he felt a pair of hands grasp his ankles under the water. These hands pulled him beneath the surface, and the next moment ascended to his throat. They grasped it—they pressed upon it like a vice. He struggled vainly to release himself. The terrible pressure caused his mouth to open. The salt water rushed into it, and he felt that he was strangling—that he could live but a few minutes longer. A horrible pain was in his head, a leaden weight seemed to have been placed upon his brain.

Opposite to him, while his eyeballs were forced almost from their sockets by the great agony he suffered, he could see the dim outlines of the Chilian's face looking into the blue depths of the sea, like the face of some hideous monster of the deep. The eyes were of a dull, greenish hue, and the dark skin seemed covered with a multitude of little bristling fins. This appearance was caused by the disordered state of his vision.

In a few minutes both men arose for an instant above the surface of the water. But Tom knew it not. A yellowish vapor seemed to float before his eyes and obscure his sight. Now he could not even see the face of the man whose hand was upon his throat. Failing consciousness seemed to convert that hand into a fiery serpent, twisting its folds about his neck.

The yellowish vapor turned into a blood-red color, then suddenly grew darker, while a swarm of locusts seemed to buzz in his brain. The men were again under water.

That terrible serpent! How tightly its folds were clasped about his neck! Agony—fearful agony!

Would he never die?

Ah! what did it mean? The serpent suddenly unwound itself from his throat. The dark vapor grew brighter, the locusts flew away from his brain, he felt himself ascending.

Suddenly he seemed to stop! The vapor was passing from before his eyes. A sweet feeling of relief entered his bosom. He arose to the surface of the sea, and breathed a mouthful of fresh air. Before he sank again consciousness rushed into his brain, and gave him back his natural sight, sense and feeling.

He moved his hands and kept himself afloat. His bewilderment passed away as he looked around him. Here was the sea, there the sky, and far in the distance the little brig. But where was his companion—the man who had attempted to murder him? Why had he relinquished his savage intention?

Both questions were soon answered, for he suddenly noticed that the water in his immediate vicinity was thickly clotted with blood.

Then he remembered the shark. The fierce creature had saved his life, and attacked the Chilian while the latter was engaged in his foul work, and dragged him away from his intended victim.

It was evident that he was not aware of the vicinity of the creature when he made his cowardly assault upon Tom, as the head of the latter had concealed the approaching fin from his view.

A cold shudder ran through the veins of our hero. The shark was probably engaged at that moment in devouring the person of the giant, away down in the dark depths of the sea. With a glance at the blood-stained water around him, the young sailor now struck out for the brig. But he found that his late exertions, joined to the fearful ordeal through which he had passed, had weakened his frame so much that it was doubtful whether he would succeed in reaching the vessel.

In a few moments, however, he was gratified to observe a boat shoot out from the side of the brig. It approached rapidly and he was soon picked up. The officers had feared that his companion and himself would not be able to get back to the vessel after the exertion of swimming off to so great a distance, and had therefore sent the boat for them. The reader can imagine the feelings of the crew when Tom had made them acquainted with the facts we have just related.

They were all more or less superstitious, and the terrible fate of the giant, together with the fact that he had been attacked by the shark while engaged in an attempt to take the life of our hero, inspired them with feelings of awe toward the latter, so that he remained unmolested by them during the remainder of the voyage.

AN ACTOR'S WILL.

The late T. P. Cooke, of England, it seems, changed his mind just before his death as to the disposition of some of his money. His last will reads as follows:—

"Whereas I had it in contemplation to give the sum of One Thousand Pounds to "The General Theatrical Fund," and by a former Will I had given effect to this intention, but as I conceive this Institution has since met with much encouragement from the public, and is now in a comparative state of prosperity, and not so much in need of assistance as other Institutions having for their object the promotion of the interest of the Drama and the protection of the persons by whose talent and exertions the Drama is sustained, I have abandoned my former intention. Now I give the sum of Two Thousand Pounds New Three Pound per Cent. Annuities, part of a large amount of such annuities standing in my name in the Bank Books, to the Master, Deputy-Master, and Wardens of the Royal Dramatic College, to be held by them and their successors for the time being in perpetuity, for giving a prize for the best Drama on a Nautical or National subject, to be called, "T. P. Cooke's Nautical or National Dramatic Prize," and to be competed for on the terms and conditions hereinafter mentioned. And I direct that such my bequest and intention shall be carried out in the following manner, *videlicit*, the interest of the fund shall be invested in like annuities, and accumulated for successive periods of two or three years (in the discretion of the said Master, Deputy Master and Wardens of the said Royal Dramatic College), as from the time of my decease, and at the end of each such period this accumulation shall be awarded as a prize to the author of the best Drama or any Nautical or National subject, the piece then to be sold or disposed of at the best and most eligible offer, from the Manager of any Metropolitan or Provincial Theatre, or Licences for representation thereof, to be granted upon such terms as the Master, Deputy Master, and Wardens of the said Royal Dramatic College may think fit. The Copyright thereof to be always retained as the property of the College, and the profits arising from the sale, Licences, or disposal of the Piece, to be received and held by the Master, Deputy Master, and Wardens of the College, and to be applied by them for the general purposes of the Institution. And judging from the profits of some of the pieces in which I have myself been engaged, as "The Pilot," "The Red Rover," "The Flying Dutchman," "My Poll and My Partner Joe," and "Black-Eyed Susan," some of which had a run of two hundred and fifty successive nights, and even calculating on moderate success without taking into account the chances of "an immense hit" on a nautical or popular subject, or favorite actor, or fortunate cast, the pecuniary results to the funds of the College I should hope would be considerable, irrespective of what may arise from the copyright from provincial acting and other sources. And I hereby direct that the terms and conditions upon which the said prize shall be competed for shall be as follows:—Each candidate or author shall on or before the 1st of January in each year in which a prize shall be given, send in to the Master of the Royal Dramatic College his work or drama under a sealed cover, which cover shall bear some motto or inscription, and his name or address under another sealed cover bearing the same motto or inscription, and no cover containing a name and address shall be opened except the one bearing the same motto or inscription as the cover of the work or drama to which the prize shall have been adjudged. The successful candidate or author shall assign and make over to the College all his interest in the copyright of his prize work or drama. And for the purpose of determining the work or drama to which the prize shall be adjudged, some disinterested person of competent taste and judgment shall be chosen by the Master, Deputy Master, and Wardens of the said College, to select the six best pieces offered for competition, and those six selected pieces shall be read to a committee of the College to be chosen by the said Master, Deputy Master, and Wardens, and such committee shall determine and award the prize. And as a mode of giving publicity to the scheme, and inducing authors to compete, I would suggest to the Master, Deputy Master, and Wardens of the said College (but without imposing any obligation upon them in this particular, not wishing to interfere or in any way to control the wise and wholesome discretion these gentlemen will, I feel certain, exercise in the trust reposed in them) that advertisements should be published in such newspapers or otherwise in such a manner and at such times as they shall think proper (the expenses of such advertisements to be defrayed out of the dividends of the said prize fund), intimating that every two or three years, as may be, a prize would be offered for a "prize drama." In accordance with this gift; and in the same spirit I would likewise suggest and express a wish that for more effectually carrying into operation my intentions on the twenty-third day of April in each year, which is the birthday of our immortal dramatic poet, Shakespeare, and which is my own natal day also, a public holiday or treat should be given to the Pensioners of the College for the celebration of this day; and that on this occasion an annual dinner should be provided in the Hall of the College, at which the Master, Wardens, and Members of the Council should preside, and to which the whole of the pensioners, and any supporters and patrons of the Drama and well-wishers to the College, and such members of my family as shall be living, and the trustees for the time being of my will, if any, shall be invited; and that after this toast of the day, "To the Memory of the Immortal Bard, Shakespeare," shall have been duly honored, the terms and conditions of this my gift shall be read, and in every year in which a prize shall, in pursuance of my gift for that purpose hereinbefore contained, be given, an announcement made of the name of the successful candidate, the title of the piece, and the Theatre at which it is to be acted, and a statement of the funds which may have arisen from or in consequence of this my gift, and of the application thereof. And for providing a fund for defraying the expense of this entertainment, I give the further sum of One Thousand Pounds, New Three Pound per Cent. Annuities, further part of the aforesaid larger amount of like Annuities standing in my name in the Bank books as aforesaid, to the Master, Deputy Master, and Wardens of the said College, to be held by them and their successors for the time being, in trust, to apply the dividends thereof for this purpose. And in case I should not have standing in my name in the Bank books at my decease sufficient New Three Pounds per Cent. Annuities to answer the said two bequests of Two Thousand and One Thousand Pounds, such annuites, I direct my executors and trustees appointed by this my will to purchase by or out of my general personal estate or the proceeds thereof, Stock in those Funds for that purpose."

Love.—The following exquisite passage we find in "Tupper's Crock of Gold":—"Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all else had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow to blow; but love—that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand—that soft, subduing slumber which wrestles down the giant—there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in all earth's large quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love."

BALL PLAY.

THE LAST UNION PRIZE GAME IN BROOKLYN.

On Tuesday, the 7th inst., the last of the series of Union Prize Games was played in Brooklyn, on the Union Ball Grounds at Bedford, between sides of ten each, taken from the Eckford Club on the one hand, and the Excelsior, Star, and Resolute Clubs on the other, the result being the defeat of the Eckfords by the Field party, by a score of 24 to 18 in a full game of nine innings.

The Eckford Club having been very negligent in turning out on their practice days this season, were not in any condition for play against even a club nine, much less against such a fine team of players as they met on this occasion; therefore the result had been anticipated from the first. As it was, however, had they played in the latter part of the game as well as they did in the majority of the innings, they would have been successful; but no sooner did they obtain the lead, than they at once began to play loosely, and thereby lost all the vantage ground they had previously gained.

Of the Eckford Club, the only members of their last season's nine present, were Wood, Manolt, Duffy, Josh Snyder, and Swandell—Sprague, Beach, and Devyn not being in their nine this season, having left the club; Reach, too, resides in Philadelphia, but he will play with the club if they play matches. The substitutes were principally old first nine players, the same being Miles "Ketcham," John Snyder, Brown, and Courtney, the latter being a new and desirable accession to their list of first class players.

Of the Field side, Waddell, Norton, Kip, McDiarmed, and Kelly were from the Stars, Clyne and Langley from the Excelsiors, and Rogers, Wilson, and Warnock from the Resolutes, all being first class players.

At the time appointed the game commenced, the grounds being in the finest order imaginable; indeed, we never saw a better prepared in-field than on this occasion. Every line required to mark out the several positions was laid down, and the pitcher's and catcher's positions were models for clubs to imitate. President Cammeyer knows how to attend to a ball ground in every respect, as the condition he had the field in this game fully proved.

The Eckfords opened the game, scoring one run only, Wood being the lucky man, his successors being well put out by the fine catches made by Norton and Wilson, and the excellent base play of Kip. On the Field side, seven runs were scored in their first innings, this result being from good batting assisted by loose fielding, the Eckfords being terribly rusty in handling the ball.

In the second innings, the Eckfords added two to their score and put out their opponents for three runs, two good fly catches by Duffy and Courtney, and good fielding of John Snyder in running out Warnock being noticeable.

In the third innings the Eckfords increased their score to 7, and only allowed their opponents to get two runs, the totals at the close being 12 to 7, in favor of the Field. Thus far the Eckfords had gained ground each innings and the Field lost it, but in the three following innings the Eckfords scored but one run to their opponents' two, the totals at the close of the sixth innings being 14 to 8, the Field party still leading.

In the seventh innings the Eckfords scored five runs, mainly by good batting—although some wild throws had something to do with it—and put out their adversaries for a blank score, the totals now being 14 to 13, the Eckfords only one behind. In the eighth innings, too, they added three runs to their score, thereby leading the Field by a score of 16 to 14. Up to this period they had played a very creditable up-hill game, and their prospects of ultimate success were very promising, much to the disgust of a party of the betting fraternity who were backing the Field side to the tune of $45 to $20. In the eighth innings of the Field side, however, the Eckfords played almost as if they desired to lose the game, so very loose was their fielding; wild throws, over pitches, missed catches, and balls passing the fielders being very marked features of their play. The result was an addition of eight runs to their opponents' score, and the almost certainty of a victory, and the final result proved it, for each side added two runs to their score in the last innings, the Field winning by a score of 24 to 18.

Though defeated, under the circumstances of the match no discredit attaches to the club, for it was not to be expected that a nine that had not had one days' practice could enter the lists against a team of first-class players in fine condition for play. Moreover, the Eckfords had never played a fly game before, while the Field side were accustomed thereto.

As regards the time of the game—three hours—it was the longest fly game on record, this being mainly owing to the inaccurate pitching of the two Eckford pitchers, neither of whom had practiced under the new rules. In the placing of the field on the Eckford side, their players were not on the best positions for the fly game.

Of the play on the occasion in fielding on the part of the Eckford side, we have to notice the good base play of Swandell, and creditable catching of Ketcham, likewise excellent fly catches by Courtney, Brown, Wood, Manolt, and Duffy. On the part of the Field side, Norton's splendid play as catcher was the feature of the game; Kip's base play, too, and the out fielding of Rogers, Wilson, and Warnock were praiseworthy instances of fine fielding. Indeed, all of the nine played effectively in their positions, and Kelly, being well supported in the field and by the catcher, pitched better than we ever saw him before. The Eckfords, we noticed, specially admired his pitching.

In batting, McDiarmod took the lead and the prize on the winning side, and Wood on the part of the Eckfords; the fielding prizes were taken by Wilson for the best fly catch on the winning side, and Courtney for the best on the part of the Eckfords.

A feature of the contest was the good feeling that prevailed throughout on both sides. We never saw a side take a defeat in better humor than the Eckfords did. They have modestly worn the laurels of the Championship for two seasons, and we have no doubt that if it is their fate to resign them this season, which their over sanguine rivals think, they will no doubt as creditably bear their defeat.

Wm. Burns acted as Umpire on the occasion, and discharged his duties with his usual impartiality. The following is the full score of this interesting match:

BATTING.

ECKFORD.	O.	R.	FIELD.	O.	R.
Wood, 2d b	1	4	Waddell, 1st b	4	1
Manolt, 1 f	2	2	Kip, 2d b	2	3
Brown, r f	4	1	Rogers, 1 f	2	3
Duffy, s s	4	1	McDiarmed, 3d b	1	4
Josh Snyder, c f	3	2	Norton, c	4	2
J. Snyder, r s	1	2	Clyne, s s	3	2
Mills, p	2	3	Kelly, p	3	3
Courtney, 3d b	5	0	Wilson, r f	3	3
Swandell, 1st b	3	1	Warnock, c f	2	2
Ketcham, c	2	2	Langley, r s	3	1
Total	18		Total	24	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	1	2	4	0	0	1	5	3	2	18
Field	7	3	2	0	2	0	0	8	2	24

Umpire—Mr. Burns, of the Mutual Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Grum.
Passed Balls—Ketcham 2, Manolt 1, Norton 3, Waddell 2.
Home Runs—Swandell 1.
Fly Catches Made—Norton 3, Wilson 2, Rogers 2, Warnock 2, Kelly 1, Kip 1, McDiarmed 1—total 12. Wood 2, Manolt 2, Courtney 1, Brown 1, Duffy 1—total 7.
Catches Missed—Norton 2, Langley 1, Manolt 2, Ketcham 1, Brown 1, Courtney 1, Mills 2.
Run Out—Warnock by J. Snyder, and Langley by Mills and Wood.
Put Out on Bases—Eckfords 7 times, Field 12 times.
Put Out on Foul Balls—Eckfords 10 times, Field 7 times.
Struck Out—Courtney 1, Ketcham 1.
Time of Game—Three hours.

CRICKET.

The Capitoline Hotel,
BEDFORD AVE., near GATES AVE.,
BROOKLYN.
Johnson's Celebrated Old Burton, East India and XXX Ale on draught.
A 1 Liquors and Segars.
THE BEST QUOIT GROUND IN THE CITY, in perfect order at all times.
A GOOD BILLIARD ROOM, where parties can enjoy a quiet Game, with Good Attendance.
"BYRON," OF CRICKET RENOWN, will be happy to meet all comers in a friendly contest. 9-3m*

Matches Arranged.

June 21.—New York vs. St. George, 2d eleven, at Hoboken.
22 and 23.—Philadelphia vs. New York, at Bedford, Brooklyn.
28 and 29.—St. George vs. Willow, at Bedford.
29.—New York, 2d eleven, vs. Satellite, at Williamsburgh.
July 5 and 6.—New York vs. All Massachusetts, at Boston.
14 and 15.—St. George vs. Boston, at Boston.

A GRAND MATCH AT BROOKLYN.

The New Yorkers Victorious by a Score of 402 to 90!
THE LARGEST ATTENDANCE
SEEN AT A MATCH FOR YEARS.

The first regular match of the season took place at Bedford, Brooklyn, on Monday and Tuesday, June 13th and 14th, on the old grounds of the Long Island Club, now known as the Bedford Cricket Grounds, between the first elevens of the New York Club and the new Union Club of Newark, the result being the success of the New Yorkers by a total score of 402! to 90 in a full game of ten hours and fifteen minutes' duration, occupying parts of two days.

The Union eleven was not the strongest they can present, albeit they numbered several of the best players of the Newark Club, including Hallis, Walters, Kidd, Jefferson, and Ford. Their object was mainly to have two days' good practice with the experienced team the New Yorkers can turn out when occasion requires, and as the result shows, they undoubtedly had it. The weather was truly delightful; two better days for a cricket match could not have been had. The grounds, too, were in remarkably good order, considering the time that has elapsed since they were used for cricket, and the work that had to be done. Some more mowing in the outer portion of the field is still requisite, besides other improvements in the way of seats for spectators, a special tent for scorers, &c., this last being very necessary, for on this occasion, with the crowd round them as they were, it was impossible for them to attend to their duties.

The attendance, we were pleased to see, was the most numerous seen on the grounds since the match between the English and American cricketers in 1860, and decidedly better than any seen on a cricket ground in the metropolis or its vicinity for several years past, this favorable result being caused by the publicity given the match in all the papers which make the game a speciality.

We were gratified to see that more attention was paid to a proper observance of the rules of the game than has hitherto been done, the men being ready to go in when called upon, and there being less time lost between the innings; the game, too, was commenced within a few minutes of the hour named. There is still room for improvement, however, and we hope to see it continue until the rules of the game are strictly observed in every match played.

MONDAY'S PLAY—FIRST INNINGS.

Higham and Hudson were the first to take their places at the bat, facing the bowling of Hallis and Walters, Higham leading off with a beautiful cut off Hallis. For over twenty minutes these fine batsmen displayed their abilities in handling the willow against the swift bowling of their two opponents, both being well on the wicket and good in the length of their bowling. Higham was the first to succumb, a chance to leg being well taken by Burchall off Walters, two twos and six singles being Higham's share of the score, his wicket falling for 23. Marsh succeeded him and he was in with Hudson three-quarters of an hour before he retired, and was well in too when he was run out from a well-fielded ball from Walters, Marsh's 10 consisting of three twos and four singles. Hammond came next, but he soon lost Hudson for a partner, the latter being bowled by a working ball from Hallis, after he had been in one hour and ten minutes for a score of 32, made up of two threes—a leg hit and cut—eight twos, and ten singles, all finely obtained by good batting. Sadler took his place and soon began to handle the bat in his all England eleven style, he and Hammond adding 25 runs to the score, Hammond getting 11, from four twos and three singles, and Sadler 14 from a three drive, four twos, and three singles. Many of the hits for two scored in this innings would have easily obtained three or four either on the old ground at Hoboken or the St. George ground, and consequently every run made was fully earned, the fielding being very good throughout, especially Kidd's at point and Armitage's at cover point. Hammond retired from being beautifully caught at point by Kidd with one hand off Walters, and Sadler succumbed to a trimmer from Hallis, Byron and Sharp being their successors. Sharp had scored a single off Hallis when he gave a chance to Kidd off the first ball from Walters, and as the ball was well held, the veteran New Yorker retired to the Club House to see about dinner, anything but delighted with his brief career at the bat, Crossley taking his place. The sturdy William and the poet of the club were both in when Sharp, with clarion voice, shouted "dinner!" and a truce to hostilities at once commenced.

As is usually the case, after dinner the fielding became less effective, and the remainder of the wickets fell for small scores, the 7th wicket falling before dinner for 120 and the last afterwards for 134, Crossley's share being 22, not out, his score being marked by eight twos and six singles, and Byron's score being 15, made up of four twos and seven singles. Suydam was bowled by Hallis for a couple, Tyler for a single, and Lester drawing a blank off Walters, Byron being another of Hallis's victims. The totals were 134—of which 118 were off the bat, the extras being 16, of which only six were wides, a tolerable good proof of the accuracy of the bowling.

The innings occupied two hours and forty minutes, and at 2:50 the Newark eleven went to the bat. Jefferson and Elsun were their first representatives, they facing the bowling of Marsh and Sadler. It was soon apparent that the batting of the Newark eleven was not up to the mark required to successfully defend their stumps from the assaults of the New York bowlers, as was shown by the fact that the fourth wicket, including Hallis's, fell for 11 runs. In fact, out of the whole eleven, Walters and Kidd were the only players that made even an average score, Walters batting finely for over an hour and a half for the good score of 22, made up of a drive for three, six twos and seven singles; Kidd marking his well obtained score of 14 with three threes—drives and a leg hit—and six singles. The last wicket fell for 58, of which seven only were singles, the innings occupying one hour and forty minutes. All the wickets were bowled except one, Hammond taking the last by a pretty catch off his own bowling. The totals were now 134 to 58, and after a brief interval the New Yorkers began

THE SECOND INNINGS.

Sharp and Higham lead off, the bowling being in the hands of Hallis and Walters as before. Previous to these two men being parted—and a right good time of it they had while they were together—the score had been run up to 44, of which Higham had added 19, in which were four twos and eleven singles, and Sharp 24, all singles except a fine drive for 3 and a leg hit for 2; two chances being given, one at the wicket and one in the field. Hammond followed Higham and Sadler took Sharp's place, the pair adding 23 to the score, to which the former contributed 14, in which were a fine leg hit for three, four twos and three singles, and the latter 9, two drives for two each, and five singles marking his score. Hudson and Byron succeeded them, and were well in when the stumps were drawn, the grand total at the time being 221 to 58.

TUESDAY'S PLAY.

At 12:40 these batsmen resumed their places, and, before they were parted, they had run the score of the second innings to 150, of which Hudson had contributed 25, marked by a leg hit for 4, three twos and fifteen singles. Byron was in at the bat altogether in this innings one hour and a half, scoring a total of 38, marked by a splendid drive for five, three threes—drives and a cut—five twos and fourteen singles. He gave chances to Hallis—after scoring 5—Walters—after getting 13—Armitage and Elsun, all of which ought to have been taken, although in two instances they were rather hot balls to hold. Marsh succeeded Hudson, and Crossley followed Byron. Marsh was in over two hours, during which time he faced no less than seven different bowlers, Kidd finally being the lucky man to get in on his stumps, Marsh's score, total and single, being the best of the match, he obtaining 56 in this innings, consisting of two threes—leg hits—sixteen twos and eighteen singles. When he had scored 23, he gave a chance to Kidd which was not taken, this being the only offer made for a catch. Crossley added 20 to the score, marked by two threes—one a leg hit—four twos and six singles, and Tyler 14, in which was a three drive and a two, leg hit, Lester drawing a pair of spectacles for his totals. Suydam was absent, the grand total being the unequalled score—in any match played in this country—of 402. The Newarkers went in to their second innings at 4:30 P. M., to obtain the neat little score of 345 to win, but at 5:35, the whole eleven had had a chance at the bat, and the best score any of them could make was six, Walters being the lucky man, the last wicket failing for 32, of which 17 only were off the bat, no less than 13 wides being among the extras, of which Lester was charged with 12. There were no less than six catches made in this innings, Higham taking two, one being a beauty right off the bat. Sharp, besides long-stopping in style, allowed but one bye to be scored, ran Burchall out by his fine fielding, and Lester ran out Hunter similarly. Hammond took the majority of wickets, his total bowling figures in the match being 88. 19, 10, 9, and no wides; Hallis's totals on the other side being 358, 134, 25, 8, and but six wides. The total extras charged to the New York fielding were but 22, while their adversaries were charged with 65. The following is the full and correct score of the game:

NEW YORK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Higham c Burchard b Walters	10	run out	19
Hudson b Hallis	32	c Walters b Elsun	25
Marsh run out	10	b Kidd	56
Hammond c Kidd b Walters	11	c Middleton b Hallis	14
Sadler b Hallis	14	b Hallis	9
Byron b Hallis	15	c Elsun b Hunter	38
Sharp c Kidd b Walters	1	b Kidd	24
Crosaley not out	22	b Armitage	20
Suydam b Hallis	2	absent	0
Lester b Walters	0	b Armitage	0
Tyler b Hallis	1	not out	14
Byes 7, leg byes 3, wides 6	16	Byes 11, leg byes 8, wides 30	49
Total	134	Total	268

NEWARK.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Jefferson b Sadler	1	c Marsh b Hammond	0
Elsun b Sadler	0	b Lester	0
Walters b Hammond	22	c Higham b Hammond	6
Ford b Marsh	3	c Hudson b Lester	3
Hallis b Marsh	0	c Higham b Lester	3
Kidd b Marsh	15	c Lester b Hammond	1
Armitage b Marsh	3	b Hammond	1
Hunter b Hammond	3	run out	0
Elphicke c and b Hammond	2	not out	1
Middleton b Hammond	0	c Tyler b Hammond	0
Burchall not out	2	run out	2
Byes 4, leg byes 2, wides 1	7	Bye 1, leg bye 1, wides 13	15
Total	58	Total	32

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

New York—First Innings.

	Balls.	Runs.	Maidns.	Wickets.	Wides.
Marsh	76	17	9	4	1
Sadler	56	22	4	2	0
Hammond	34	7	5	4	0
Crossley	16	5	1	0	0
Second Innings.					
Hammond	52	12	5	5	0
Lester	32	2	6	3	12
Crossley	16	3	2	0	1

Newark—First Innings.

Hallis	152	61	12	5	3
Walters	160	57	14	4	4
Second Innings.					
Hallis	196	73	13	3	3
Walters	188	55	12	0	12
Kidd	79	34	4	1	6
Elsun	28	22	0	1	3
Armitage	40	24	1	3	0
Jefferson	20	10	0	0	1
Hunter	4	1	0	1	4

Umpires, Messrs. Garside and Hall.

Cricket at Montreal, C. E.—On Saturday, the 11th inst., the St. George and Young Canada clubs of that city played a match, of which the following is the score:—

YOUNG CANADA.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Jepson hit wkt b Swaine	1	b Ridley	0
C Tuggey c Totu b Swaine	5	run out	0
Elliot c and b Swaine	2	c Hoerner b Ridley	1
Jones c and b Swaine	4	b Ridley	0
Matchitt c Tetu b Swaine	0	b Ridley	2
Starke c and b Swaine	2	b Ridley	5
J Tuggey not out	8	not out	6
Vennor b Ridley	1	c Godwin b Ridley	0
Fisher not out	1	c Godwin b Ridley	4
Court b Swaine	0	b Ridley	6
Harris b Swaine	1	b Swaine	6
Bye	1		
Total	26	Total	30

ST. GEORGE'S.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Whitehead b Jepsom	10	c and b Elliott	7
W McLachlan c Elliott b Jepsom	0		
Wallis hit wkt b Jepsom	0	not out	3
Shipway run out	0		
Swaine l b w b Jepsom	3	b Starke	1
Ridley c Starke b Jepsom	7	not out	4
J McLachlan c J Tuggey b Jepsom	5		
Powter b Elliot	6		
Godwin b Jepsom	0		
Totu hit wkt b Jepsom	0		
Hoerner not out	3	b Elliott	1
Byes 2, leg byes 2, wide 1	5	Bye 1, wides 2	3
Total	39	Total	19

Cricket in Canada.—From that portion of the globe called Toronto, C. W., we have a communication from "Sport," who says that:—"The unusual amount of rain and cold weather this spring has made the cricket season rather backward. What is lost in time, however, is being made up in spirit. The list of matches on the tapis is large and the record shows that quite a number have been played already. The Toronto Club held a meeting for the election of officers in April last, when the Hon. W. H. Draper, Chief Justice of Upper Canada, was chosen President, J. O. Dent, and Capt. Hogge and Mr. Goodwin, of 16th Regiment of H. M.'s foot, Patteson and B. Parsons, Secretary and Treasurer, are so the knights of the willow may expect a good time generally. Public attention has for several years been directed to the great ball still rolling on in Virginia. The only ball that would be acceptable here is the cricket ball, and we hope to see it here again—this year perhaps—who knows? The sooner the better, it will always be welcome. Speaking about balls, one is to come off here to-night (14th inst.), in the Music Hall to replenish the empty exchequer of the club. Of course it will be a success—so the papers say, at least. On Saturday, the 11th inst., the Toronto Club played the ambitious little City and came out ahead in one innings, with eight runs to spare, Hamilton, like the angels Wm. Shakspeare speaks of, "falling heavily" through his ambition. Here is the score:

HAMILTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
W Childs b Parsons	0	c Goodwin b Parsons	9
Snow b Parsons	0	not out	0
R Kennedy c J Kennedy b Bogert	24	l b w b Parsons	1
McDougall c Cholmley b Bogert	11	c Parsons b Bogert	19
T Gillespie c Sprague b Bogert	7	c Heward b Bogert	4
T Geddes c Heward b Bogert	0	b

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

E. H. C., Washington.—Money duly received and blank diagrams mailed; hope you'll be pleased with them. Right.

G. E. C., Tarrytown.—Solutions correct and speak well for your skill and diligence; as also does the discovery of the flaw in your own problem. The 12-pounder is in process of being sifted.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—Many thanks for your kind response, and the new problem, with which we'll "stump" C. H. W. in a few weeks—meanwhile subject it to a couple or three siftings by way of precaution. Sent you a job.

JAS. C. WARNER, Philadelphia.—More correspondents have honored "Chang and Eng" with solutions than any problems we've given for some months; and numerous are the compliments to you for them. Are those retouched ones about ready? We should be glad to see a few specimens of your column.

H. F., Philadelphia.—Thank you for the attention; we shall always be happy to hear from you in that or any other line chessical. Solutions correct.

JASPER, Baltimore.—The book you especially enquire about was never issued. There never was, and for years can scarcely be, so adequate a collection of American Problems, in number, variety, and excellence, as the "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT," 88 cents, post paid.

M. DE RIVIERE AND SIGNOR DUBOIS.—A match was contested between these eminent players in 1855, about the result of which there seems to be considerable misapprehension. The score was, says Signor L., in the *Era*, drawn 3, M. de Riviere 8, Signor Dubois 21.

LONDON CHESS CLUB.—There has been for some time past a sort of free fight tournament going on in this time-honored club, in which the world-renowned veteran George Medley, Esq., is now sure to bear off triumphantly the chief honors. Up to the last advices, he had not lost a single game out of his whole series.

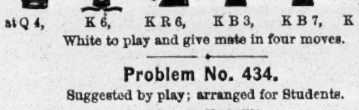
Enigma No. 434.

From the World's Congress Tourney.

"Omnium Versatur," &c.

BY W. MITCHESON, ESQ.

at his B sq, her B 7, Q R 3, K Kt 4th.



at Q 4, K 6, K R 6, K B 3, K B 7, K Kt 4th.

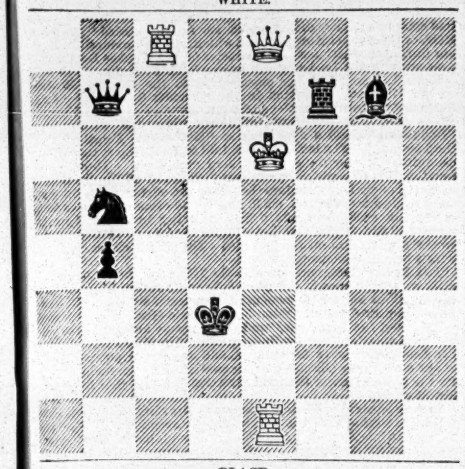
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Problem No. 434.

Suggested by play; arranged for Students.

BY A. E. HUGGINS.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black to play and give mate in three moves.

Game No. 434.

Game recently played in Memphis, between our contributor Jacob Elson and Mr. Littleton.

PETHOFF'S DEFENCE.

Attack, Mr. Littleton.	Defence, Mr. Elson.	Attack, Mr. Littleton.	Defence, Mr. Elson.
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	17. Q to her Kt 3	Kt to Q Kt 3
2. K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	18. P-Q R 4	Q-her B 2
3. Kt × K P	P-Q 3	19. Q R-Kt sq	K R-K 2
4. K Kt-B 3	Kt × K P	20. P-K B 3 (d)	K R-K 7 +
5. P-Q 4	P-Q 4	21. K R-B 2	K R × R +
6. K B-Q 3	K B-Q 3	22. K × K R	K B-R 7
7. Castles	Castles	23. P-K B 4 (e)	B × B P
8. P-Q B 4	P-Q B 3	24. Q B × B	Q × Q B +
9. B P × P	B P × P	25. Kt-K B 3	Q R-K B sq
10. Q Kt-B 3	K Kt × Kt	26. Q-home	Kt-Q B 5
11. Kt P × Kt	Q B-Kt 5	27. Q-K R sq (f)	Q-K 6 +
12. P-K R 3	Q B-R 4	28. K-his Kt 3	Q Kt-Q 7
13. P-K Kt 4 (a)	B-K Kt 3	29. R-K B sq (g)	Q Kt-K 5 +
14. K B × B	B P × B	30. K-his Kt 2	Q-K 7 +
15. K-his Kt 2	Q Kt-Q 2	31. K-his Kt sq	Kt-Kt 6, and
16. Kt-his 5 (b)	K R-K sq (c)	the Attack resigns.	

Notes—by our contributor.

(a) This move, in this and similar positions, is always dangerous.
(b) Well played!
(c) Had the Defence here played the natural looking move of Q to K B 3d, the Attack, by playing his own Queen to K B 3d, would have obtained the better game.
(d) To enable him to play Kt to K 4th. It was an injudicious move, however, as it allows the Defence to get up a strong counter-assault.
(e) If 23. Kt to K 4th, the Defence plays K to R sq.
(f) There is nothing better for him to do.
(g) Evidently the only move.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

NEMO, New Castle, Del.—The idea of ignoring the names of the openings is preposterous. We have examined the work you refer to, and the principal objection we have to it is the excluding of the names of the openings. It's very unhandy and troublesome to refer to on that account, and nothing is so easy and plain to draught players, when mentioning "I played the 'Old Fourteenth,' or 'Cross,' or I played against the 'Whilter,' or 'Laird and Lady,'" and not "I played 11 to 15, 23 to 19, 8 to 11, 22 to 17, 4 to 8, and 17 to 13," if he wished to say "I played the Old Fourteenth." The old names are the best, same as the old pioneers at Draughts termed them.

G. W. FOSTER, Warren, Pa.—Do you intend to make your stake as you challenged? "Express" has seen your solution and says "If that is your style of play you can increase your challenge to $25 or $50, just as you please." We shall expect to hear from you in a few days.

J. I. COVERT, Elgin, Mich.—Martins never played a match with Drummond. In 1852 he challenged him to play for £60, but nothing came of it, as Martins wished to play all the games on the white squares, to which Drummond would not agree. Have forwarded you a copy of Anderson.

A. KERR, Glasgow, Scotland.—1. Did you receive the package and letter we forwarded you a few weeks since? 2. Mr. Bethell is the best player. 3. Wylie will be pleased, no doubt, with the analysis of the second match game.

R. H. B.—According to last week's promise, your Position appears. We shall be pleased to receive more from you.

Game No. II--Vol. XII.

ELEVENTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1. 9 to 13	22 to 18	20. 9 to 14	31 to 27
2. 11 16 (a)	25 22	21. 5 9 (d)	13 6
3. 8 11	29 25	22. 2 9	27 24
4. 4 8	24 19	23. 19 23	24 19
5. 16 15	19 10	24. 23 27	28 24
6. 6 15	21 17	25. 27 31	24 20
7. 16 19	23 16	26. 31 27	19 16
8. 12 19	25 21	27. 27 23	16 11
9. 1 6	27 24	28. 23 19	11 8
10. 6 9	17 14	29. 9 13	8 3
11. 8 12	14 10 (b)	30. 14 18	3 8
12. 7 23	22 18	31. 18 23	8 12
13. 15 22	24 8	32. 26 27	20 16
14. 23 27 (c)	26 17	33. 27 31	16 11
15. 13 22	32 23	34. 31 27	12 8
16. 12 16	30 26	35. 27 23	11 7
17. 3 12	26 17	36. 19 15	7 2
18. 16 19	23 16	37. 23 18	2 7
19. 12 19	17 13	38. 18 14, drawn.	

(a) The new move. Sturges plays 10 to 15.
(b) A good move; 22 to 17 would lose.
(c) A "Wylie" move.
(d) Is this the best?

Solution of Position No. 10, Vol. XII.

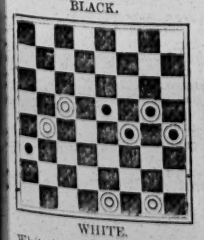
BY I. D. J. S.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 3 to 8	11 to 4	3. 2 to 7	11 to 2
2. 12 8	4 11	4. 10	6, and wins.

Position No. II.--Vol. XII.

BY R. H. B.—END-GAME.

BLACK.



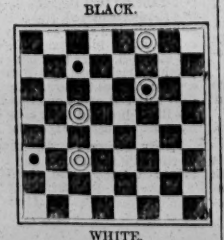
WHITE.

White to move and draw the game.

Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

Solution of Critical Position.

BY J. DRUMMOND.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1. 3 to 7	12 to 8	8. 22 to 26	27 to 23
2. 7 10	8 3	9. 19 15	14 17
3. 10 14	3 7	10. 26 31	17 22
4. 14 17	7 10	11. 30 25	23 18
5. 17 21	10 14	12. 15 10	22 17
6. 21 25	14 10	13. 25 22,	
7. 25 30	10 14	and wins.	

OUR DRAMATIC PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JENNIE PARKER.

JENNIE PARKER was born near the city of Rochester, N. Y., in 1836, and made her *debut* in the dramatic world at nine years of age, at the Old Eagle Street Theatre, Buffalo, as the Duke of York, to Booth's Richard. She continued a member of this company for five years, playing small parts. In 1843 she visited California, and was most favorably received, playing boys' and chambermaid parts. When eighteen years of age she appeared in juvenile tragedy as the pupil of Walter Leman, visiting the principal cities South and South-west. When Mr. Wm. Wheatley was lessee of the Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, she became a member of the company, appearing September, 1861. The characters she assumed there were of a somewhat different character to those she had formerly appeared in, but her success was flattering, and she established herself as a popular favorite. At the close of the season she was engaged for the Winter Garden in this city, but owing to a severe indisposition was unable to appear. Having regained her health, she re-appeared at the Continental, under Thomas McKeon's management. Grover's Washington Theatre was her next halting place, where she remained until the close of the season, July 12th, 1862. As a *tragedienne*, she not only promises to assume a high rank in her profession, but is already a shining star. Her appearance on the stage is attractive in the highest degree; her attitudes and gesticulations are strikingly graceful and indicate a rare discrimination, and her voice, for power and pathos, is excellent. She possesses an eye of singular brilliancy, a charming *naivette*, as well as naturalness of manner and expression, and these add not a little to her playing. She has a good wardrobe and always dresses with good taste. Her performance of Miranda, in Shakespeare's "Tempest," while engaged at the Continental, was much extolled by the press of Philadelphia. There is not much acting in the *role*, but she presented the ideal and innocent young virgin most successfully. In every attitude the beholder was reminded of some Greek sculpture; and a person of taste could not help wondering how a handsome woman, who can appear so beautiful when dressed according to true rules of art, can, under any circumstances, be induced to disguise herself with hoops and crinoline. In the spring of 1863 Miss Parker was married to some "lord of the creation" who was *reported* as being very wealthy, and the lady retired from the stage and took up her residence in Brooklyn. A short time since, owing to some family difficulties, a revolution took place in the Parker family, and Jennie separated from her liege lord and once more took to the stage, and she is, at the present writing, one of the shining lights of her profession.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

TREMENDOUS MILL IN GALWAY
BETWEEN THE MEXICAN CRUSHER AND AN IRISH GIANT.

Ever since the announcement that Coburn had agreed to fight Mace in Ireland, the admirers of the P. R., in anticipation of the great struggle taking place in this locality, have been endeavoring to initiate Irishmen into a knowledge of the grand fistic science, in order that the ground which shall be honored by the international combatants may upon the same day be still further rendered memorable by a battle for the Championship of Ireland. Within the last three weeks five gallant encounters have taken place, all of them being for small sums, and got up for the purpose of bringing out two men who shall be well worthy to do honors to "Ould Ireland's" new belt. The last of those five tournaments was one of the most resolutely contested battles ever witnessed, and took place the latter part of May. Everything was most judiciously arranged, and the fight came off without interruption on the sweetest island that nestles in Lough Corrib's waters. The names of the men were George Marshall, alias the Mexican Crusher, and Brian MacDermott, the Fair Hill Giant; the former being 14 st. 12 lbs., and 6 ft. 2 in. in height, the latter respectively 16 st. 2 lb. and 6 ft. 4 in.

THE FIGHT.

1. On the men facing each other the difference in height, although two inches, was scarcely perceptible, owing to the immense size of each, but the Giant's loins and shoulders stood more boldly out, clothed with splendidly developed muscles; his arms, too, seemed rather more lengthy. However, the betting was even. Both men having put their hands in position, smiled, and sparred for an opening. After some seconds' manœuvering, Marshall let fly somewhat slowly with his left, but was easily stopped, the big 'un acknowledging the attempt by a terrific knock-down blow on the nose. First blood and first knock down claimed for MacDermott.

2. On the Mexican approaching, Brien dropped his hands and laughed, but quick as lightning brought them up, planting a hot 'un on the right telescope. Fearful exchanges followed—the Crusher twice in succession on the chin, the Giant on the neck and shoulder. This round ended by a knock-down blow from the Giant.

3. The Crusher was the first to show fight by letting go his left on the Giant's right ear, but in following up with his right was neatly stopped. Both men now rushed at each other with the force of a steam-engine. All shots straight on to the frontispiece. No stopping, the tactics of both being "give and take." This round, which lasted eight minutes, was at last terminated by another knock-down blow from the Giant,

4. On the Giant making his appearance he showed a large mouse under the right eye, and a wide, gaping cut on the right jaw, whilst the Crusher's nose and upper lip presented a horrible appearance. Their wind was comparatively sound. Both cautious, seeming to think that it was not by the "give and take" system the battle was to be won. The Giant tried the left, but the Crusher was away too quickly. A pause, both men eyeing each other with dangerous significance. The Giant again reached out the left, but was this time well stopped, receiving a clipper on the neck in return. The Crusher followed up the blow by a shot on the left ogle, when the men closed for the first time, swaying each other like two Hercules, till both went down, the Giant under.

5. Both men blowing, the last round having damaged them a bit in the wind department. After a little sparring and feinting, both heroes mutually stepped back, and again advancing, renewed the sparring, when some leviathan exchanges took place, the Giant stamping all upon the knowledge box, Marshall shooting in upon the neck. Again was there a draw, and again did they advance—this time not to spar, but to test the merits of the slogging system. Thump, thump, thump went the blows—no retreating, each holding his ground, when they closed, the Crusher being thrown heavily, the Giant falling on him. The fight had now lasted 23 min.

6. In this round the men seemed sadly distressed for wind. Nevertheless, both seemed eager for hard fighting, and at once rushed to a close, when the Crusher received a desperate cross-buttock from his heavier opponent.

7. On time being called the crusher was the first to toe the scratch, his face presenting an undistinguishable mass of mangled flesh, and the little finger of his left hand being sprained and much swollen. The betting was now 5 to 1 on the Giant, who opened the round by a shot from the right, but was out of distance—the Giant on the neck and left ear, receiving a stunner on the forehead. Some sharp, quick hitting now ensued, in favor of the Giant, of too rapid a kind to note. A close—both men down, the Crusher under.

8 to 15. In these rounds the men taxed their utmost powers to gain the mastery in wrestling. There were hardly any blows exchanged, and the falls were all given by the Giant, who each time fell heavily on his opponent.

16. Twenty to one freely offered on the Giant, but there were no takers, as all now plainly saw that the victory must be McDermott's. The Giant at once rushed in, letting off right and left with fearful severity on the mouth, which sent the Crusher to Mother Earth.

17. The Crusher came up much distressed and very ricketty on his pins, every inch of his dial distilling the ruby in abundance. He shot his right straight on the Giant's temple, but the blow seemed to lack force; the Giant grinned, rushed in, and cross-buttocked his opponent, falling heavily upon him.

18. The Giant at once rushed in, giving the Crusher a severe back fall.

19 and last. The Crusher could hardly hold up his hands from downright exhaustion, whilst the Giant, likely from the near approach of victory, was firm on his limbs, and seemed to have still a good half hour's fight in him. This round was of short duration, for the Giant at once went up to the Crusher, sending him senseless to the ground by a blow on the right side of the neck; and on time being called for the next round, the Crusher, still in a state of stupor, was unable to put in an appearance. Time, 47 min.

It was not until after many minutes had elapsed that the doctor could recall animation to the seeming corpse of the gallant Crusher. When sufficiently restored, he was removed to a neighboring fisherman's hut. The Giant, on the journey back in the steamer, was as merry as man could be, fresh as a daisy, and bearing no marks (save the few cuts on his face) of having but a few moments before figured in a prize ring.

OFF-HANDED ENCOUNTER BETWEEN SMITH AND ALLEN.—Bob Smith, of Liverpool, and Tom Allen, of Birmingham, met on June 2d, at Fiddler's Ferry, near Liverpool, to settle old grievances, having agreed the day before to have an off-handed encounter, for £5 a side. Allen was made the favorite at the commencement, but Smith soon had the call in the betting, as he took a decided lead after the third or fourth round. In all, fifty rounds were contested, occupying two hours and forty-seven minutes, when Smith was hailed the winner, and left the ring with but a slight mark on his right eye, whilst his opponent was most severely punished, both about the face and body. It will be fresh in the memory of our readers that Smith fought and defeated Harry Allen (brother to his present antagonist), and the above meeting emanated from a disputed bet over the fight between Smith and Harry Allen. Neither were in condition, and it is expected that a fresh match will be sure to take place.

DISAPPOINTMENT AMONG THE BRUMS.—Dick Bailey, of Westbromwich, and T. Taylor, of Walsall, met on Tuesday morning, May 31st, at Bickenhill, some nine miles from Birmingham, to contend at catch-weight for £15 a side, but the fates were against the engagement, as the police mustered in strong force. Bailey is in his twenty-second year, and stands 5ft. 5in., and trained under E. Tierney. Taylor has figured frequently, and with varied success, his last engagement having been with Alf. Newton, of the Potteries, which, after a spirited contest, ended in a draw. He is in his thirty-second year, standing an inch and a half over his opponent, and weighing a good half-stone heavier. Having arrived at the rendezvous, as above, and finding the country around dotted with "blue specks," a retrograde movement was made for Birmingham, and the party met at Bodger Crutchley's. Here a long discussion ensued as to the selection of a referee, a responsible person connected with the Press being named, and at once accepted by Bailey's party. Taylor's backers would not agree, but proposed one of their own party, Mr. Geo. Rowley, a well-known publican of the black district, and, sooner than not have a fight, Bailey's party consented to this arrangement. The men were ordered to meet at Delves Green, near Walsall, at two o'clock, which they did, but it was evident to all present (and there could hardly have been less than 3,000) that the police had been sent for by Taylor's party. Knowing which, the referee, sooner than bend to circumstances which must have obliged him to decide against his man, threw up his office, something unprecedented in the annals of pugilism; for, had he felt disposed, he might, at a very short distance, have got the affair off without interruption. It is much to be regretted that there is not a law in the ring compelling those who have signed an agreement to contend according to the same, or forfeit the battle-money. It is thought that in fairness Bailey is entitled to the stakes, as the opposing party shirked business in every way.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 4 to 8 lbs.....$4 per pair
" 8 to 12 " ..... 5 " "
Dumb Bells, from.....$3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, CLIPPER Office, New York, or Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. P. S.—All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money. 7-tf

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has made many new improvements in his popular
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No. 32 PORTLAND STREET, BOSTON,
and added a complete and unique GALLERY OF PORTRAITS, many of which can be seen at no other saloon in the country. Sparkling Viands, prime Havanas, and the best of everything to be had at the bar. 2-tf

N. B.—Harry Jennings, 32 Portland street, Boston, Mass., offers to the public his infallible ARSENICAL SOAP, for the destruction of fleas, lice, bugs, sheep ticks, and vermin of all descriptions; 25 and 50 cents a box. Warranted to kill all vermin in five minutes, (and not to injure the animal), and easily applied. H. J. has a sure cure for Mange, Distemper, and all kinds of diseases, and sent to any part of the United States. Also, agents wanted. 5

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 43-3m

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THE TIPTON SLASHER'S LIKENESS.—The only picture, a photograph from life, of Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, who fought Charley Freeman the American giant, can be seen for a limited period at Ned Wilson's in Bleecker street. The Slasher only sat for two pictures in his life—one for the Marquis of Waterford, and the other for one of our Staff, who traveled over one hundred miles to get it, and spent two days in Wolverhampton before he succeeded. You can bet money that nobody in the world has a daguerreotype or photograph of the Tipton from life, except himself and the aforesaid, not even Newbold, the great sporting print publisher of London. When Tom Hyer was in his prime, he challenged Bill Perry, through Izzy Lazarus, offering to give or take $3000 for expenses to fight either here or there. With such a halo of incidents clustered around the old Slasher's name, his mug is something to look at, if you can't see the original himself.

HARRY GRIBBIN'S NEW HEADQUARTERS.—The worthy Sir Harry, who fought Morston, Brooks, and Clarke, of Liverpool, (whose latter acquaintance Joe Coburn has made during his brief stay there), was matched with Jem Parker, and fought Joe Coburn, has opened a new place in Virginia City, Nevada Territory, and called it the New York Shades. Gribbin leased the lot and had the house built, showing himself to be a live, go ahead sort of a fellow, who won't let the grass grow under his feet. The Shades is on South C Street, No. 177, and he has a grand club room capable of seating a couple of hundred people. Harry, for many years, kept a public house on Hudson Avenue, Brooklyn, then bought out one of Wm. Hastings' places in Broome street, and afterwards was landlord of the saloon in the Bowery where Jemmy Massey kept. He also had a fine place in San Francisco, and now has one in Virginia City. Good for Harry.

WHO'S TO BLAME?—Jim Hanley and Mike Dorsey were to have fought for a small stake early on the morning of the 11th inst., but although Dorsey was there, ready and willing, and carriages were in waiting at Harry Clarke's, no Hanley showed up, and the fun is therefore for the present, in abeyance. If Hanley had been half as anxious to have it come off as Dorsey was, we might have had a merry mill to record for our readers this week. However, we don't see how he can well get out of a fight of some kind, and if it is only managed right, the boys can have a little sport.

OPENING OF ANOTHER CLUB HOUSE.—Joe Graham, the boxer, and Prof. Dusty, late bar-tender for Geo. Leese, have bought out the premises situated at 123 Prince street, known as the Club House, and stocked it with a supply of the best the market affords in the way of liquors and cigars. They extend a warm welcome to all friendly of a good article, and one or both may always be found at home to give the grip to their friends.

PORTRAIT OF TEDDY MILLS.—Dick Holywood, of No. 100 East Houston street, has a fine likeness of little Teddy Mills, the Champion One Mile Runner of the World, who recently ran his mile in the extraordinary quick time of 4 m. n. 20½ secs. Many other new pictures may also be seen at Dick's.

NOVEL FEAT OF PEDESTRIANISM.—On the 11th inst., the denizens of Grand street and vicinity were treated to a new and novel feat of locomotion. It appears that John Mullen, for a wager of $25, undertook to walk four and a half hours with a brick in each hand. He was to walk backwards and forwards across the street and set the bricks down on each side the street, and pick them up again. Accordingly, he commenced at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon, starting from Jimmy Burns' Central Hall, over to the other corner, and back again, setting down his bricks and picking them up again, the best part of the afternoon, gathering together about the biggest crowd in that neighborhood seen since Cancemi killed the brave Cornele Anderson. Mullen continued to walk until six o'clock, accomplishing his task, winning the wager, and going over some twenty-three miles of ground in the four hours and a half. The affair, although gotten up on the spur of the moment, proved a big thing for the sports in that locality, from Jack Dennis' Crystal away down to Odd Fellows' Hall.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, June 20, 1864.

A WALK ALONG Broadway during the pleasant days with which we were favored last week, gave us several opportunities to see and study the street faces of the people who amuse us on the mimic stage, and to contrast them with the painted and powdered faces we are accustomed to look upon at the play house. Here comes the conceited leading man at —— Theatre; he is done up to kill, looks as if he had just come from the hands of the washwoman, the tailor, the barber, and the dyer; his jetty locks and whiskers, radiant with bear's grease, twisted and curled, are arranged in a very careful manner to suit the contour of the face; he makes up almost as well off the stage as on; to see him *de shabille*, however, is quite another matter; and those young and foolish elderly creatures who go to the theatre to see the "handsome comedian" would have all their romance dashed to pieces could they but see their heart's idol as he really is without the aid of paint, polish and dentistry, and know that he owns a wife, a son of "nineteen years old," and other interesting and age-reminding progeny. Who comes here? By our life 'tis a "villain," the heavy villain of the ——. Who would suppose that mild-looking, unassuming gentleman to be a "heartless villain?" See with what care he avoids jostling the ladies, actually stepping into the street, soiling his own nicely-polished boots so that the bevy of school girls now passing may not be inconvenienced by contact; *he* is a gentleman, you can see it in his every movement, and if you are a bit of a physiognomist you may judge by the pleasant smile and calm expression of his frontispiece that with him "all is lovely and the goose hangs high," yet a more "detestable villain," a more "consummate scoundrel" never trod the play-house boards; the horror with which his stage acts are looked upon by an "appreciative audience" has had something to do with making him in real life the opposite of what he seems to be upon the stage. Here's a jolly looking fellow, with kindness beaming in every lineament of his open countenance. *Who is it?* quoth the unlicensed reader. That, most obtuse inquirer, is manager ——, of the —— Theatre. He is "everybody's friend," a smile for this one, a dollar or two for that, and never more happy than when doing a kind action. See how the passers by recognise him. There he goes with a crowd into —— Saloon to pass the time of day, have a social glass with his friends, and tell them "a little story," for he is a better story-teller even than ye honest old Abe, whose nomination at the Baltimore Convention is said to have been secured by means of story telling. Our managerial friend, however, has no axe to grind by his story telling; it is his nature to enjoy all the good things of this life, and to infuse a little of the same feeling among his fellow men. As you see him now, so he is always; it taketh much to ruffle his temper—he would sooner pay a man's hotel bill any day than quarrel with him. Stand aside there, and let this pompous-looking individual pass along. *He's* only one of the utility people up at —— house, yet by his foreign airs and arrogant manners you might take him for Louis Napoleon or Bombastes Furioso; see how he forces this one aside, runs over that one, and presses forward without fear of the consequences; *he* don't get out of anybody's road; he's a big man, physically, and like most big men must have everything his own way; and yet, this all-important big man is one of the meanest and smallest in the profession. Hello! *her's* a turn out. What do we see? One of the most splendid equipages on the Broadway; and laying back, as we hope for pork and beans for our dinner to-morrow, is Miss ——, and by her side one of our city managers. The entire establishment, horses, well-got-up driver, and the necessary appurtenances would do no discredit to Fifth Avenue. The lady is attired in style, for she not only dresses with elegance and taste on the stage but on the street as well; there's no shoddy about *her* harness; her attire, from top piece to base, will admit of the closest scrutiny; she spends her money freely, patronises dry goods stores and poor sempstresses, and humanely assists many a human sewing machine by her expenditures in the dry goods line. The pale gentleman who sits so demurely by her side, and who looks for all the world like a theological student enjoying a few moments rest from his wearisome studies, is one of the best comic actors in the country; and that face, which now looks so quiet and sad, is a fortune to its owner; for it is susceptible of every variety of change, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—and through all the intermediate stages. Truly, he makes faces to some purpose when performing before the public; yet if you see it once off the boards, you see it all the time. When "not in action," it wears the same quiet repose that you see upon it now. The couple are no doubt on their way for a drive through Central Park, to let the up-towners see that the "rank and file" can turn out a "turn out" of which Mrs. Count Gramont might well be proud. Pass we on. That carefully and tastefully dressed individual twirling the skeleton cane is one of our "nigger minstrels." It is a note-worthy fact that among the most elaborately got up people that traverse the "Boulevards," our friends of the cork persuasion stand preeminent. A nigger minstrel is *nothing* if he does not sport his diamond pin and finger ring. That one we are pointing at is only one of the middling class of performers, "yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." That gentleman who passed him by, merely nodding, is his manager. He, too, is well harnessed, but not equal to the other; his diamonds may be larger and purer, but his store clothes are surpassed by the quality and style of those of the subordinate. Most of the flashily-dressed minstrels you see on the thoroughfare are those who have not been very long in the business; the old stagers have been through the mill, and don't follow the fashions quite so closely as they did in days gone by; you see that plainly-dressed, thin-visaged man who has stopped to converse with our minstrel friend? *He* is on the downward course; see how pale and careworn he looks; he essays to smile, but the effort is a lamentable failure; once, that man was one of the most popular men on the black boards; but now he can scarcely "get a hand;" wine and women and late hours have played sad havoc with his constitution, and as his physical powers began to decay, so followed the mental, until now he is a mere wreck, slowly but surely passing away, perhaps to a pauper's grave; like the harlot's life, that of some of our minstrel friends "is a short and merry one," dragging down along with them those who would long ago have sacrificed their very existence to save them. But let us leave the Nigger, and get on with our perambulations. This pretty little creature coming towards us, her face beaming with smiles and liquid rouge, is one of our Broadway actresses; she looks *very* innocent, don't she? you might almost take her for a young lady from the Spingler or some other fashionable institute; she does not seem to have passed through more than seventeen bright and fruitful summers—as we see her now, you'd swear she was a school girl, sure. Let us lift the veil—school girl she may be, but she comes from the school of arts, playing many parts on the stage of life as she plays them in the mimic scenes. She's a gay deceiver, a hunkydora, a deception, and a fraud. Twice has she entered into connubial bonds, and twice has her conduct rendered a "divorcement" necessary. Now, almostanybody can be her "Husband for an Hour" if he has the price. We see her perform upon the public stage in "Virtue Rewarded" dramas, and we applaud her for the virtuous parts she assumes. Could we see her a little later, how quickly the virtuous spell would be broken. Let her go—if men *will* be made tools of, we presume she has as much right to use them as others. We'll bet you the increased price of a porter-house steak that you can't tell who this natty little man is coming along; he's the picture of neatness, and might pass for a well-dressed "Quill of the Mule Hall;" but he's no such thing—he's a comic singer, belongs to one of our first establishments on Broadway, and is one of the most favored performers in his line of business; he don't look comic, don't look as if there was much fun in him, does he? Just you see and hear him at night at No.

Broadway, and we guess you'll think there's nothing clse but life and jollity in his composition. It's a remarkable truism that the most serious-looking people in the world are "rebucks," exhorters, comedians, editors, comic singers, and clowns; yet our little friend is not so serious-looking as most of his class, which only goes to show that it's got to come to him yet. Rushing along the street with the velocity of a Horace Greeley about dinner time, is "A Strange Man on Broadway,". Look at him—he has not time even to notice a friend—his mind is busy conjuring up some fresh ideas to draw grist to the magic mill of the gentlemen for whom he is acting as agent. By the self-satisfied smile that plays around the corners of his versatile mouth, we know that he has something good on hand, something that will make people stare, and cause other agents to wonder why *they* never thought of that *gag*. Rush along, good Mister Man, ere the idea is forgotten. With stately tread, and lofty head, the lyric queen we pass. There's no discount on her; she's a "bully boy," according to the evidence of two individuals who to this day carry about them the marks of her displeasure; she's all dignity, and the last one to take a liberty with; she looks "neat but not gaudy," grand but not gorgeous; see how politely that gentleman accosts her—he's one of our most eminent lawyers, and favors much the dramatic lyre as well as dramatic lore. How proudly grand she inclines her head in recognition of the gentleman. Beautiful in face and form, she is the "observed of all observers" on that great avenue of wealth, and fashion, and rascality, and hypocrisy; you may see her to-night at one of our theatres, enacting a *role* that draws forth plaudits from the admiring throng. And so we move onward, every now and then seeing some well-remembered face; some young, some old, some toiling along the rugged road of life after trotting their fitful hour upon the mimic stage; some friendly eye grown dim, some tottering limbs bearing the wo.d-wearied form nearer and yet nearer "to that bourne whence no traveller returns." The faces of many that we have "oft met upon the Rialto," we meet no more, shall meet no more forever; some are now languishing upon the bed of sickness, while "some have turned to clay." But the cavalcade misses them not—their places are filled with new comers—the throng continues to move on as before, little heeding the ever-varying changes that are continually taking place in that human stream that flows along the great thoroughfare of the Great Metropolis.

PASSING through the fish-market the other day, where sea-bass were basking in their native element, flounders floundering in theirs, eels trying to wriggle themselves into a new base, and black-fish resigning themselves to the dark and twisting mass that squirmed around them, our gaze was attracted from the fish we had been looking at to an odd sort of fish in the garb of "a young man from the country." His basilisk eye—he only had one, and it was google at that—rested with fearful intent upon the inhabitants of the "aqueous element," and he seemed to be solving a most intricate problem in natural history. "Mister," said he, turning to the skinner of eels and catties, "what's the difference between sea-bass and black-fish?" "Sixpence a pound," replied the matter-of-fact business man, as he turned to weigh a pound of porgies for a waiting customer. And this little episode reminds us that when people need amusement and recreation after the ills (don't make this eels, now) of the day, they have but to "plod their weary way," as Mr. Gray informs us, to Niblo's Garden on Broadway, and there, in a feast of good things, lose all their cares and consciousness in the hair-breadth escapes of "Bel Demonio," and forget their wives and interesting daughters at home while fascinated with the charms and short coat of Vestvali the Superb. This is the sixth week of the performance of "Bel Demonio," and the cry is, in crowds they come.

"BE WISE IN TIME, 'tis folly to defer" going to Heller's "Salle Diabolique," because the programme he now offers is "rich, rare and racy," as some of our advertisers say. To be sure, if you don't be on hand early, you won't get the choice places; but that only makes it the more necessary that you should start from the bosom of your own families with the bosom of other people's families, ere the "shades of evening doth appear." That's the way we do; if the lady whose rations we contract for is not ready betimes, or hangs fire to delude us, we just make a flank movement around to Mrs. Joneses, whose daughters are *always* ready, and in a jiffy we have the prettiest of them listening to our honied words, their hearts beating in unison with ours, and ready to partake of "the best the market affords" at a Broadway restaurant. That's the way *we* manage dilatory people. If you wish to be early at Heller's, you must be on the spot soon, at least so we have been informed by those who have been crowded out by extraneous pressure. With the view of enlivening the happy moments while awaiting our next essay, we will propound a conundrum. Why is Heller like Gottschalk? Give it up? Because he plays on the piano like the devil.

"GOLD, gold, gold, gold;
Bright and yellow, hard and cold;
Molten, graven, hammered, rolled,
Heavy to get, and light to hold,
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Begged and borrowed, squandered, doled,
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old,
To the very verge of the grave yard mould;
Price of many a crime untold,
GOLD, GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!"

Thus speaketh one of the last lays of one of the last minstrels; but we think he's too severe on gold; though in some respects the gentleman's remarks may hold good, yet we cannot but think him prejudiced. For why? For cause—all that he says of gold, is now equally applicable to our paper currency. It is not necessary to have gold to be wealthy. In fact, we are now satisfactorily proving that we can get along without any gold. If you wish to visit Wood's Minstrels, one of the most fashionable resorts in the city, you need not bother about gold, or even silver. Mr. Wood does not ask it of you; your greenbacks, your greybacks, your little old, dirty postage bills all pass current at that house. If the performers demanded gold from Mr. Wood, *then* he would be obliged to ask it of his patrons; but the performers, knowing that the people have the "shorts," so far as a specie basis goes, say, "we disdain to take advantage of the unfortunitous circumstances in which the government is fixed, and we consent to accept the prevailing currency in return for the valuable services we render you." That's bold, and manly, and characteristic of the men, and for this reason their entertainments should be most liberally attended, and their efforts to amuse most profusely applauded. There is no cooler resort in the city than Wood's Minstrel hall, nor such a cool white man for manager as Mr. Wood employs.

NO VAIN REGRETS nor sorrowing cares should mar the year of jubilum. We are led to these remarks by the announcement of the manager of the Winter Garden, in which it is authentically set forth that "the management has to regret being obliged to announce the last week of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence," etc. We are rather inclined to believe that instead of *regretting* the close of their performances, the manager should rejoice and be exceeding glad thereat, in so far that the attendance and receipts in these latter days have been scattering and meagre, and calculated to seriously impair the exchequer of that establishment, and the usefulness of the performers engaged therein.

USELESS HENNAN defines his unenviable position he can never be elected to the British Parliament, that's certain. He is now behind a black cloud, a "ruined man," owning and betting on race horses, and engaged in other transactions of that sort, such as a poor man would be likely to take up with in the last extremity. While we cannot prognosticate with any degree of certainty the future prospects of the victim of a King's severity to a fellowman, we are happy to know that Mr. M. G. Campbell, the great minstrel manager, will define *his* position next week, in his new hall in the Bowery opposite Spring street, which beautiful, cool, and commodious establishment he will throw open to the public on the evening of June 27th. Something of the kind is needed on the east side, and with a good company, which we believe Mr. Campbell has gathered around him, we see no reason why the enterprise should not prove successful.

THE "LAST NIGHTS" of various pieces at Wallack's give token that the shutters will soon be put up for the season.

WHEN "*nihil fit*," it was generally supposed that there would be a lively time of it, but old Rex put an end to the strife, and that culminated in the overthrow of the Oriental dynasty, the restoration to power of Bryants' Minstrels, and placing them upon an enduring throne at No. 472 Broadway. That's history—of our own make, and of the sensation order; but if you have doubts of its truthfulness, either of the Bryants will corroborate all we have said upon the subject any evening this week, at their famous hall of minstrelsy. We could easily enlarge upon the topic, were it at all necessary, but *verbum sap*—go see the boys.

IN THE TOWN of Tartary lived a tailor, who had a son called Aladdin, who was a lazy, demoralized sort of boy, and by his bad course of conduct "brought his father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave." Then his uncle, or somebody claiming that relationship, took hold of the little devil, and sent him into a cave to get a magical lamp, the possessor of which would have the power to get immensely rich without speculating in gold or getting contracts for the army. The uncle, who was an old Wall street money grubber, wanted this lamp, but over-reached himself in his cruel treatment of Aladdin; for the boy discovered the powers of the lamp while shining it up for the purpose of selling it to an old junk dealer in Centre street. With the discovery, he launched out just like some of our dry goods clerks who get a salary of $500 per year; he had fast horses, fast women, and a fast establishment generally. Every day he would drive out to Central Park, and cut a mighty splash on the "mall," as we call it up there. His riches, which he gathered by means of the magic lamp, gave him the *entree* among our best and worst society; and in a few weeks he led to the altar a beautiful girl, the youngest daughter of a Fifth Avenue Algerine. The fast young man carried things to such a high pitch that his "Uncle" got hold of the lamp while Aladdin was having a game of Faro on Broadway; when "his uncle" got the lamp, Aladdin and his riches all came to grief, and the father of his bride had him sent to Fort Lafayette as an impostor and a rebel sympathiser. He was pardoned on taking the oath of allegiance, and at once set out in search of his Uncle and the lamp. He found them at a coffee and cake saloon in the Bowery. While the uncle was drinking his Rio, in company with a "pretty waiter girl," Aladdin bribed the girl to put some of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup in the man's cup: as soon as he drank his coffee, he fell over in a "conniption," and died. Aladdin gave the girl a bogus 50 cent currency bill to get changed, and while she was absent he abstracted the lamp from his uncle's pocket, gave it a friendly rub, was transported to the house of his father-in-law in Fifth Avenue, and just as he asserted his title clear to the hand of his blooming and blushing bride, and as the father was crying, with uplifted hands, "bless you, my children, bless you," Aladdin awoke from his beautiful dream, and found himself making shoddy overcoats for the soldiers. On this thread, Mrs. Wood has woven together one of the prettiest plays ever brought to the notice of a New York audience. The language is chaste and full of brilliant fancies; the scenery is resplendent, carrying the spectator into the fairy lands made famous by the "Arabian Nights." The costumes are of oriental magnificence, while the effects are the most effective effects we have witnessed at this theatre this season. Crowds flock to see it, and it will remain on the bills of the Olympic for some time to come. "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp" should be seen by everybody.

IT ISN'T EVERY MAN that can change his base at pleasure. When Grant swung himself over the Chickahominy, then slung his whole army over the James River, and landed on the other end of Richmond, nobody but the rebels was surprised; we all knew he'd do it; we all knew he was up to a mighty big thing when the rebels missed him from the front, and thought he was going back to the Wilderness. Gen. Grant is certainly "a bully boy with a glass eye," or we wouldn't say it; his strategy proves it; his surprises corroborate it. Gen. Butler is another gentleman of glass eye and bully boy proclivities; Gen. Robert Butler, of 444 Broadway, we have reference to, not he of "Beast Butler" renown. Our Butler is another stadgiest—not content with catering for *our* amusement, he has made arrangements to move on to Boston, if it takes him all summer; he therefore proposes to leave his present position early in July. Those who have a desire to witness the varied performances of Mr. Butler's company, will only have this month to do it in. Go early.

MR E. LAMB, late low comedian at Niblo's, has been tendered a complimentary benefit to come off at the Winter Garden on the 27th inst. A number of volunteers will appear.

MR. J. O. SEFTON, the popular low comedian, arrived in town on the 15th, all the way from Memphis, where he has been playing for some months past at the New Theatre.

MONS. LA THORNE, the popular stage manager, and late of 444, has withdrawn from that establishment and is prepared to engage as manager of a first class music hall only. Mons. La Thorne has had a long experience in the show business, and as stage manager for a concert hall has no superior. He understands every department of the business, and is an invaluable man for any establishment. See his advertisement in another column.

MR. HENRY W. DAVIS, who has been travelling for some time past with a Panorama of the War, sailed for England on the 18th, by the steamship Virginia, taking the Panorama along.

JNO. M. BRUCCEANI, died in this city suddenly on the 15th inst., of gastric fever. His funeral took place on the 16th inst. He was a member of Mrs. Wood's Olympic Theatre Company.

E. B. CUNNION is prepared to paint show signs to order of any description for the coming season, and send them to all parts of the country. See his advertisement elsewhere.

MLLE ELISE LUND, as "Joan of Arc," has been the feature at the Stadt Theatre since our last. Not having leisure to see and hear the "Lund," a friend of ours, "Calsa," his *nom de plume*, kindly offered to represent us, and give us his unbiased impression of the lady and her performance, and this is his report upon the subject. As the CLIPPER was the first American paper to notice the merit of Mad. Schiller, so it is the first to mention M'lle Lund. It may be proper to remark that the writer does not know Miss Lund personally, and never saw her before the evening he attended the theatre, as stated. He says: "It will be a surprise for American readers to hear that the dirty, dismal hole, called the Stadt Theatre, the German's histrionic temple, has of late been the scene of performances but seldom equalled at our Anglo-Saxon Theatres. But a few months since, Mrs. Methna Scheller essayed *roles* in which, supported by, with but few exceptions, an excellent company, she satisfied her numerous admirers that nature might outdo herself, if such were possible, and now I have to record the appearance of a young lady who is, doubtless, one of the most accomplished actresses on any stage. M'lle Elise Lund, I am told by the bills, was formerly attached to the Imperial Court Theatre of St. Petersburg. Now, it may be a novelty for many Americans to hear, that busts and legs do not constitute the German's, or, rather, European's standard of histrionic art. Our theatres, and especially our metropolitan boards, seem to vie with each other in obtaining female artistes gifted with the most elegant forms and voluptuous proportions, who, with the superb scenery, excellent mounting, clamorous music drowned by a too frequent applause of an anything but critical audience, are the make up of modern so-called sensational performances. There is a style of acting which lies between Shakesperian tragedy and high comedy but little cultivated in this country. I have no name for it—it must be seen; it it could be described, I should call it artistic. Schiller's "Joan of Arc" is the *pons asinorum* of German *roles*. Hundreds have stumbled over its briary paths; time and ambition yet remain, tempting vanity to their shrine, only to be dashed against that rock which knows no mercy—public opinion. Whether in thus attempting so difficult a part for a *debut* Miss Lund acted wisely, is not for me to say, but I am confident that throughout her whole rendition of the character she held sway over those of her audience who, besides being critical, were impartial and disinterested. Of medium height, her classic countenance varies with the emotions her passions give vent to, her motions the beau ideal of grace and perfection, her mouldings might be a painter's study; a voice full of harmony, rich and musical—scarcely inferior to that of Mrs. Bowers; elocution correct to a fault, reminding me of days gone by, when I had the pleasure of witnessing such artistes as Maria Seeback and Helen Fuhr, she triumphantly overcame the most difficult parts of her most arduous *role*. The finale of the first act, and the soliloquy in the fourth act, were superbly rendered; the death scene was dealt with in true artistic sense—no tumbling down like a lump of lead, but gradually fading away with utmost grace and ease. As regards voice, nature has wonderfully gifted this accomplished lady; but I would kindly draw her attention to times when she seems to be too eager to give expression to separate syllables, especially the last, thus rendering the declamation somewhat monotonous; but I would fain believe that, in this respect, the poet is more to blame than the artiste; and it is questionable whether such deviation might not be classed as an originality, rather than an error, and fully in keeping with severe criticism. I congratulate our German friends in having gained so needful an acquisition.

M'LLE MARIE ZOE is enjoying her *otium cum dig*, down by the sea side, we believe, and will not grace the boards until the commencement of the fall season. The lady can be engaged through Messrs. Conner & Co.

MISS BELLA VAUGHN, from the Howard Athenæum, Boston, has arrived in this city recently. The lady, we are pleased to learn, has recovered from her late severe indisposition, and as her repute as an actress is good, we hope to see her soon on some of our metropolitan boards.

M'LLE GALLETI, the pleasing dansuese, and Mons. Tophoff, both of whom are now performing at the Olympic Theatre, will bring their engagement to a close on or about the 28th inst., and will then be ready to negotiate for other engagements, through their agents, Messrs. Conner & Co., of this city. See advertisement.

A GRAND COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL will be tendered Mr. G. C. Boniface on the 21st inst., at the New Bowery Theatre. Quite a number of first class talent have volunteered, among whom will be found A. H. Davenport, E. Laub, J. M. Ward, Marie Boniface and Cool White, and Frank Brower of Wood's Minstrels. Five pieces will be performed, which is sufficient to draw an overwhelming house, and as Mr. Boniface is a great favorite on the east side of the town, he will doubtless have a full house.

MR. S. BRADSHAW takes his benefit at the Old Bowery Theatre on the 24th inst., when a variety of pieces will be performed.

THE NEW BOWERY continues jogging along, doing a fair share of business for Manager Lingham. The "Old House on the Bridge" will be performed to night, also the drama of "Caldironi" and "Brian O'Linn." A farewell benefit is to be given Mr. G. C. Boniface and Kate Newton on the 21st inst.

AT THE BROADWAY (late Wallack's), there is an entire change in the programme this week. "Our American Cousin at Home" having had a good run, has been withdrawn, and Mr. Chanfrau appears this week as "Toodles," and in "The Debutante." Mr. Chanfrau was the first, save Mr. Burton, to enact the immortal Toodles. Business has been good at this house since our last.

THIS IS THE LAST WEEK of the stay in this city of the Holman Family. "Beauty and the Beast" and "Wanted, a Family" are performed this week, with Sallie Holman in the principal *roles*.

AT the Old Bowery business continues good with Manager Fox. This evening a capital bill is offered consisting of "The Ice Witch" and the popular drama of "Tom Cringle" On the 21st Mr. C. Foster takes his benefit.

Dramatic.

"THE SEVEN SISTERS" has had another good week's business at the New Chestnut, Philadelphia. Although much altered, and decidedly inferior to the original version produced at Laura Keene's Theatre, in New York, it is nevertheless sufficiently interesting to amuse an audience for two hours and a half. One of the best played characters is that of Cuffee, by Mr. Ward; he is certainly a capital "nigger," and would make quite a valuable acquisition to the minstrel persuasion. Effie Germon, as Diavoline, looks exceedingly pretty in her various costumes, and drills her Zouaves in clever style; let us say to Effie, however, that she should compel her soldiers to keep step; we were present one evening last week, and were sorry to notice that the beauty of the drill was greatly marred by the Zoo Zoos being out of step, part of them keeping time with the left foot and part with the right, which made a bad feature of the marching. The captain, Miss Effie Germon, was as much to blame as any of them, for *she* occasionally got out of step when marking time. The girls manœuvre pretty well, but with two or three exceptions—and we suppose each one will consider herself an exception—they are by no means remarkable for beauty of either face or form. Mrs. Pluto (Mr. McDonough, as the bills informed us) came very near making a mess of it in her opening song; the orchestra played a short symphony, but the amiable Mrs. P. did not catch the key, and struck off into an entirely different one, the orchestra playing in one key, while the singing was being done in another—it was a most horrible go, and the discord grates upon our ears whenever we think of it. Mrs. Pluto was very badly performed, and as Mr. McDonough was *named* for the part, he must be credited with a miserable failure. The "jest" of the dramatic author's sister wasn't bad for a "jest" of real flesh and blood, nor is Walter Lennox undeserving of mention as the gentleman who "couldn't see it." Miss Jennie Gourly will become a favorite at the New Chestnut, we incline to believe, for she dances cleverly, and is quite a pleasing actress. "The Seven Sisters" is still on.

SOMETHING FOR CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.—At the musical department of the Central Fair, in Philadelphia, is a beautiful album intended for presentation to Miss Charlotte Cushman. This lady it is said, has already donated $8000 to the Sanitary Commission, while her untiring efforts to create a feeling of sympathy in Europe for the cause of the Union have been of great service to her native country. The album, which is a splendid specimen of workmanship, contains a large number of beautiful oil paintings of distinguished American artists. It is a well-merited testimonial of our appreciation of the lady's patriotic efforts in a holy cause.

THE GAYETY THEATRE, Albany, N. Y., which is now closed for repairs and sundry improvements, will re-open about the latter part of August, with a bran new company and new attractions generally. The proprietor, Mr. Samuel Fitzpatrick, is now engaging people for the coming term. The Gayety will be gayer than ever next season.

KATE VANCE has been engaged for a short season for Manager Grover's Washington Theatre, making her *debut* there on the 20th inst. Mr. Deagle's horse Don Juan will accompany the lady on her travels, and assist in making long runs for "Mazeppa." Kate has just finished her Boston engagement.

THE OPERA HOUSE now in course of construction in Augusta, Maine, will probably be completed some time in August. Messrs. S. E. Browne and G. W. Pike, who will be the lessees and managers, expect to inaugurate the regular dramatic season on or about the 1st of September.

"THE CUBAN SYLPH" is enjoying her *otium cum dig.*, preparatory to a fresh start out as a campaigner in the field of amusements next fall. Zoe has done very well the present season, and having worked unusually hard, is deserving of a breathing spell during the "heated term."

THOSE NEW ASPIRANTS FOR STARRY FAME—Mr. G. C. Boniface and Miss Kate Newton—are preparing for their first travelling campaign, their opening engagement commencing at the Buffalo Theatre on the 11th of July. The lady and gentleman are alike favorites in this city, and we shall be pleased to learn that they have made themselves so in other cities where they may appear. Their list of pieces is very extensive, and of great variety. Mr. H. H. Hall, who is their business manager, is a "brick."

THE NEW THEATRE AT CAIRO, ILL., is expected to open the second week in July, under the management of Messrs. Crump and Carroll.

J. B. ROBERTS, tragedian, is in Philadelphia, giving lessons on the correct delivery of the voice.

THE GROSS RECEIPTS of the entertainment given at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 16th inst., were devoted to the Great Sanitary Fair in that city.

IN THE BRIGHT LEXINGTON OF KENTUCKY there is no such word as fail, so Messrs. Weaver and Golden propose to open the Apollo Theatre, much improved, the first week in September. May golden returns attend their efforts.

MR. AND MRS. S. M. IRWIN made their *debut* in San Francisco May 25th, at Maguire's Academy of Music, in "The Chimney Corner" and "An Hour in Seville," Mrs. Irwin assuming eight characters in the last named piece. Their engagements overland, at Denver and Central City, at Great Salt Lake City, and at Virginia, in Nevada Territory, were very successful. Mrs. Irwin (formerly Miss Maria Rainforth, of the Boston Museum) is a clever *vaudeville* and *soubrette* actress.

JULIA DEAN HAYNE commenced an engagement at the Metropolitan Theatre, San Francisco, May 16th, appearing as Rosalind, in "As You Like It," supported by J. H. Allen as Jacques, Mr. Courtaine as Orlando, E. N. Thayer as the Duke, and Fred Franks as Touchstone. "Darkness and Daylight," a new play, dramatised by Mr. William Ward, from whose pen emanated Mrs. Hayne's fine drama "The Woman in White," was presented May 25th, and won the approval of all present. It is said to be intensely sensational, and largely imbued with the mysterious and supernatural. Impressive stage effects and scenic surprises are introduced, which impart a thrilling interest to the development of a complicated plot.

A. MACFARLAND'S DRAMATIC COMPANY still hold on to Dubuque, Iowa, where they have been performing for some time past to good houses, at Julien Hall. Josephine Tyson, P. S. Kent, R. L. Meldrun, W. S. Forrest, Florence La Fond, Jessie Macfarland, and Anna Berger are in the company. They remain at Dubuque until July 4th, and then ho! for St. Paul!

AMUSEMENTS IN THE CITY OF THE STRAITS (Detroit) are in a flourishing condition, proving beyond a doubt that the citizens of that goodly town are a play-going people. Our correspondent, "Pluto," writing on the 15th inst., says:—"At the Athenæum business has continued to be good. For Mr. Lingham's farewell benefit 'Hamlet' was produced, with Mr. Lingham as the Prince of Denmark. Every available spot was occupied. Mr. Lingham has, by his gentlemanly manners and careful attention to his arduous profession, gained many warm-hearted friends here, and should he ever return, he may look for a welcome reception. Mrs. Page, the leading lady, has become a great favorite here, and she is deserving of her well-earned success, for never more estimable lady appeared on the boards of any theatre. Miss Adams, in some of her characters, is excellent, while in some others she indicates a slight tendency to rant. Messrs. Hamilton, Healey, Rainford, Wood, and Brace are all good in whatever they undertake. Miss Mollie Williams is winning golden laurels."

AT MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, San Francisco, Victor Sejour's drama of "The Man of Destiny" was produced May 10th. The drama is comprised of a sectional and a rather disconnected series of five dramatic illustrations of the career of the first Napoleon, commencing with his ill-starred retreat from Moscow, and ending with his return to France from Corsica, and his restoration to imperial power by popular acclaim. The *Era* gives the plot of the piece as follows:—"Although Napoleon is the central figure of attraction, the actual interest of the piece gathers about Jean Terrier, represented by Mayo; and the heroic death of his son, in the third act, affords him a telling opportunity for the display of pathos, which is made the most of. C. L. Graves, in the closing of this scene, was but little inferior to Mr. Mayo. The incident is the most affecting and the most vividly limned in the drama. Jeanne de Samois is a charming character, with a romantically sublime mission to perform. Displaying a love of country so all-controlling that it begets for her the darling *sobriquet* of 'France:' possessed of a pure, prophetic soul, upon which coming events cast their shadows, she becomes the safe-guard and good genius of Napoleon. Looking upon him as the personification of her country's glory, intuitively warned of treachery, she risks her own life for his preservation. She afterwards enters the camp of Alexander I. as a spy, when she is discovered and condemned to death, from which she escapes, bringing with her the plans of the enemy's campaign, and accompanied by a renegade French nobleman, whom she has persuaded to return to fealty, and to whose instrumentality her escape is due. She subsequently becomes the Emperor's color-bearer in battle, and by her singleness of devotion and patriotic fervor, often turns the scales of reluctant fortune in his favor. The principal objections to 'The Man of Destiny' are, that it is filled in with much uninteresting minor business, and the acts are too isolated, such wide gulfs of events intervening as to destroy all connection between the parts. It is a current rumor that the author aimed to covertly contrast the two Napoleons in this play at the expense of the 'nephew of his uncle,' but we fail to discover anything that would indicate such an intent, and we doubt if the astute nephew himself would be able to discern either the beginning or the end of an invidious comparison." MRS. H. A. PERRY took a benefit May 16th. On the 17th of May the house closed, to undergo a thorough course of painting and re-decoration, preparatory to the appearance of Miss Caroline Richings and Mr. Peter Richings, who make their *debut* in "The Enchantress."

CAROLINE RICHINGS AND PETER RICHINGS arrived in San Francisco May 17th, and were to appear May 24th at Maguire's Opera House.

MAGUIRE'S NEW THEATRE, the Academy of Music, San Francisco, Cal., was duly dedicated to the dramatic muse on Wednesday, May 18th. It is not surpassed, it is said, by any theatre of its size in America or Europe in architectural effect and the beauty and admirable completeness of every interior appointment. The dress circle and parquet are on the same elevation, and connected, as at Niblo's. From every point in the family and upper circle, a clear and unobstructed view of the stage is afforded, and the four proscenium boxes are exquisitely furnished *boudoirs*, permitting a perfect observation of all parts of the house, before and behind the footlights. There are seats for seventeen hundred persons. The ceiling is superbly frescoed, and the entire decorations conceived and executed with the utmost taste, no expense being spared to charm the eye and promote the personal comfort of every one in the spacious auditorium. From the dome a brilliant centre light is reflected from half a hundred jets. The upper tiers are suspended by iron rods from the roof. Sixty patent ventilators are placed in the walls, besides the large one in the dome, which, with the numerous windows in the front, afford supplies of fresh air continuous and abundant. Strength and solidity, lightness and grace, are the striking characteristics of the whole structure. Due attention has been given to the provision of ample facilities for ingress and egress, and it is stated that a full audience can make their exit into the street in less than two minutes. Mr. Maguire has been less than four months in erecting his "Academy of Music," at a reported cost of one hundred thousand dollars. It has a front of sixty feet on Pine street (commencing sixty feet east of Montgomery) and a depth of one hundred feet. The height is seventy feet, the second story resting on twelve iron Corinthian columns, above which, and forming the centre of the front elevation, is a balustrade, crowned with a rich pediment supported on two elaborately carved pillars. The third and fourth stories are highly ornamented with richly capped windows in the Italian style, and the building surmounted with a superbly chaste composite cornice. "Playing with Fire," a comedy by John Brougham, never before produced in San Francisco, was selected for the initial performance. The cast included the principal members of the company, as follows: Dr. Savage, Frank Mayo; Pinchbeck, W. O'Neil; Herbert Waverley, C. R. Thorne, Jr.; Uncle Timothy, D. C. Anderson; Mrs. Waverley, Mrs. Sophie Edwin; Mrs. Doctor Savage, Mrs. H. A. Perry; Mrs. Crabstick, Mrs. C. R. Saunders; Perkins, Miss Lulu Sweet. Preceding the play, however, all the *corps dramatique*, together with the vocal forces of the minstrel troupe at the Eureka, united in singing the "Star Spangled Banner," which was followed by Mr. Mayo's recital of an original ode, written for the occasion by Mr. J. T. Goodman. "Playing with Fire" was repeated on the three following nights, and formed the entertainment for a Saturday's *matinee*.

MR. JOHN M. TRIMBLE, manager of the Academy of Music, Albany, was "up" for a complimentary benefit on the 20th inst.

MRS. H. A. PERRY notifies the profession, in this issue of the CLIPPER, that she has leased the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, Wis., for next season, and ladies and gentlemen wishing to engage should make application at once.

THE ATHENÆUM, Columbus, Ohio, was opened on the 7th inst., by W. C. Smythe, for a summer season. Miss Rachel Johnson was the first star, followed by M'lle Zavistowski, on the 13th, in "The French Spy." R. E. J. Miles and Addie Anderson were announced to appear on the 20th.

THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, was re-opened by Messrs. Allinson & Hincken, for a dramatic season, on the 18th inst. The company engaged embraces the names of Messrs. J. T. Fannin, Jerry Taylor, George A. Beam, Frank Evans, G. C. Spear, William T. Johnson, John Goodman, Miss Agnes Vache, Miss Annie Fannin, Miss F. J. Beam, and Miss Emma Gardner. The opening bill was "Lalitte" and "The Two Highwaymen." Miss Addie Anderson, equestrienne, was announced to open on the 20th.

MISS ALICE PLACIDE, a fair and fascinating female actress, appears at Duffield's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 22d inst.

MR. WM. C. SMYTHE having taken the Athenæum, Columbus, Ohio, for a brief summer season, is in want of a singing chambermaid and a leading man. See advertisement in another column.

IN NEW ORLEANS business has continued very good. "Laertes," writing on the 9th, says:—At the St. Charles business is tip-top. Those diabolical little devils, yclept "The Seven Sisters," still reign supreme at this house, where they continue to cut up all sorts of monkeyshines, to the great delight of large and appreciative audiences. A benefit was given at this house last night to the Louisiana refugees. The

Mr. Dominick has withdrawn from the company. They were well received on the opening night.

BOWERS AND PRENDERGAST'S MINSTRELS having got a full supply of printing, have started out again on a tour through the west. The company was to open at Astoria on the 20th, and are to be at Williamsburgh 21st and 22d, and Jersey City 24th and 25th. The company consists of E. Bowers, Frank Wyant, T. B. Prendergast, J. H. Budworth, C. Barrett, E. Mullenhauer, Dick Thompson, &c.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were at Covington, Ky., on the 18th inst., and open in Cincinnati on the 27th.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS open in Chicago on the 27th inst., and remain four days.

MANAGER HOOLEY gives the patrons of his Minstrel Hall in Brooklyn an entire change of programme this week. Mr. John Clark, late basso of the Opera Troupe, was announced to make his appearance on the 20th inst. Mr. G. W. H. Griffin announces his benefit for the 22d inst., when an extra bill will be provided. Mr. Griffin has become quite a favorite with the Brooklynites, and he will no doubt have a good turn out. Business continues good with the Hooleyites.

Music Halls.

MANAGER GEORGE LEA is certainly one of the most successful managers we have in the show business. He leaves not a stone unturned for securing the very best talent to be obtained in the country; and he does not rest here, for he manages to get hold of all foreign talent that has any idea of visiting this country, and engages them at no matter what their figure may be, and brings them out under his management. There are many speculations in the show business of which Mr. Lea is the head and front, although he is not publicly known as such. The Canterbury, Washington, has, ever since he took the helm, done a splendid business. By constantly producing fresh novelties, and introducing new faces to his patrons, he has given tone to the place, and it is now acknowledged to be one of the best managed establishments in the country. Not satisfied with this, he continues on in his good work, constantly making additions to his *corps* of artistes. Besides the regular music hall business, he has of late been producing sensation dramas. John F. Poole's dramatization of "Cudjo's Cave" was put on the stage in capital style, and cast to the full strength of the company. It was as well performed as could have been done at any regular theatre, and it drew crowded houses. Manager Lea now announces another sensation drama, written by a well-known dramatist. The characters are all men and women of the present day, and well-known personages of Washington. It is called "The Bushwackers of the Potomac," and will be produced with new scenery, &c.

"RICHELIEU," the actor man, says to Francois, "In the bright lexicon of youth, there's no such word as fail," and we reiterate his remarks and say, and there is'nt. There is one instance in proof of this, and that is with Manager Sinn, in the management of the National, Cincinnati. Since Mr. Sinn took the managerial reins in hand, success has reigned triumphant. He has constantly given his patrons all the available first-class talent in the country, and his efforts to please have, we are glad to record, been successful. His company, at present, is good, embracing as it does the names of Maggie Friel, the sensation actress, who has been performing the past week in the nautical drama of "The Beacon of Death;" Lizette and Nellie Howard, the champion jig dancers, who have appeared nightly, in a friendly strife, for the proud title of champion. Charley Gardner, Eagan and Edwards make up the *corps d'Afrique*. Taken altogether, the company is a good one, and deserves the encouragement it is receiving.

A NEW CONCERT HALL, called the Gemote Palace, situated on the corner of Baltimore and Light streets, Baltimore, was opened on the 17th inst. by Messrs. Thompson, Miner & Co., with George Miles as stage manager. In the company we find the names of Viola Clifton, Nelly Taylor, Frances Gardiner, Mary Frances, Jake Budd, Dan Howard, and Joe Childs.

THE COMPANY at present playing at the New Idea, San Francisco, consists of the following persons:—Julia Morgan, W. C. Morgan, Master Frank, Ben Cotton, J. De Angelis, Jennie La Mont, Otto Burbank, William Bernard, Billy Sheppard, Fanny Hanks, Maggie Brewer, Ada De Vere, C. F. Shattuck, Harry Williams, and H. H. Gardiner.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL, the famous Spanish danseuse, is still executing her intrepid feats on the tight rope at the Canterbury Music Hall, Washington, D. C. This lady is a most pleasing performer, and her terpsichorean abilities are first class. Her business manager is Mr. M. W. Hanley, whose address will be found in our advertising department.

WILLIAM MAGUIRE, charged with killing Maggie Baer of the Continental Music Hall, Philadelphia, some months since, will be called up for trial this week.

HARRY PEARSON has been engaged by the manager of the Casino, Philadelphia, to perform a star engagement of four weeks at that house, and he will open there on Monday, June 27th. We presume Harry will do a little of the "comic song" business. The manager has had to pay a large salary to secure this comedian for his hall.

THE CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, Harrisburg, has made a few additions to its company, in the persons of Andy Williams, banjoist, Mary Newton, vocalist, and Professor E. W. Clement, pianist.

HUBBARD POLYORAMA of the war, was at Bingham, Mass., on the 18th inst.

PROF. KARL KAHR was at St. Paul, Minn., on the 15th inst.

W. B. HARRISON, humorist, comic vocalist and poet, assisted by Mr. Percy Stanly, the balladist and melodeonist will travel the State of New Jersey during the summer. W. F. Decker is their agent. Their bill is a strong one, and Harrison is a host in himself.

Circuses.

WILSON'S new circus in San Francisco opened May 19th, to an audience of 3,700 persons. The location is on Jackson street, adjoining the International Hotel. The auditorium is finely fitted up—the seats provided with backs and covered, and a fine wide promenade is constructed around the entire tent. The horrid, dripping "dips" of old are done away with, and numerous jets of gas light up the immense circle with great brilliancy. In the company we find the names of Ella Zoyara (the original), Sallie Stickney ("Mrs. Ella Zoyara"), Franklin, Carlo, Ross, Durand, Painter, Aymar, Williams, and Fred Wilson. Ella Zoyara has created the same excitement there that she did on her (his) arrival in this country, and the papers are filled with queries of "Is Zoyara a man or a woman?" The knowing ones who have read the CLIPPER, and fellow show-matters with a little attention, contend for the masculine gender, and curl the lip derisively when they hear any one express a doubt on the subject; but, nevertheless, there are those who, after seeing the performer in the ring, won't be convinced of "it" being aught else than a woman, and a good-looking one at that. A scene occurred at the pavilion one evening recently. A rich and verdant-looking spectator was heard to remark: "That not a woman! Well, if any one wants to bet on it, they can take me for all I'm worth, and break me right here!" He would have been snapped up very quick had not some good-natured friend interposed, and prevented the closing of the bet. Meanwhile the puzzling Zoyara floats gaily round the arena, springs through any number of balloons, and pirouettes, as she springs, with most bewildering grace.

SLAYMAKER'S & NICHOL'S CIRCUS is advertised at Newburyport, Mass., June 22d, Amsbury 23d, and Portsmouth, N. H., 24th.

LEE & RYLAND'S CIRCUS commenced their Campaign at Sacramento, Cal., May 16th, proceeding thence to Stockton.

GIUSEPPI CHIARINI, with his circus company, arrived at Vera Cruz, May 16th, all right side up with care. The company opened there, May 20th, and performed one week to splendid business. On the 27th of May, Maria Olivero, the principal *equestrienne* of the troupe, was attacked with yellow fever and black vomit, and died the same day at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon. The company left for Mexico on the 28th of May.

THAYER & NOYES CIRCUS is meeting with splendid success. Their route ahead is as follows: Washington, Pa., June 20th; Waynesborough, do., June 21st; Carmichael, do., June 22d; Brownsville, do., June 23d; Uniontown, do., June 24th; Connellsville, do., June 26th; Mount Pleasant, do., June 27th; Monongahela City, do., June 28th; McKeesport, do., June 29th, and open in Pittsburgh on the 31st, remaining there over the 4th of July.

SPALDING & ROGERS' OCEAN CIRCUS was at Utica, N. Y., on the 18th, and the route ahead is as follows: Syracuse, 20th and 21st, Cortland 22d, Binghampton 23d, Owego 24th, and Elmira 25th and 27th.

VAN AMBURGH'S MENAGERIE will show at the following places this month:—Clinton, Massachusetts, 20th; Groton Junction 21st; Milford 22d; West Goffstown 23d; Manchester 24th; Nashua 25th; Lawrence 27th; Lowell 28th; Concord 29th, and Brighton the 30th of June, after which it will go into Boston for one week, commencing Friday, July 1st. Boston has always been a great stand for the Van Amburgh show, and from all appearances will at least not fall behind former seasons this year, as it is a long time since they have had a menagerie there, and all the advertising done in New York last winter will count to some extent, as New York papers are extensively circulated and read in Boston, particularly the CLIPPER.

THE CHAMPION CIRCUS of Robinson & Howes is the only institution that did a profitable business in Cincinnati last week, and their canvas was "packed" at every exhibition. It is pronounced one of the best companies, as a whole, that has ever appeared beneath a canvas, while every body knows that James Robinson is one of the greatest horsemen that ever mounted the bare back of a horse. On the 20th, the party were to be at Covington, Ky.

THE SETH, B. HOWES SHOW is in Chicago this week, opening there on the 20th.

L. B. LENT'S EQUESCURRICULUM will show this week as follows: Davenport, 20th; Muscatine, 21st; Tipton, 22d; and Iowa City, 23d. On the 4th of July the party will be at Peoria, Ill.

THE ROUTE ahead for the Stone, Rosston & Co.'s New York Circus is as follows:—Seneca Falls, 21st; Auburn, 22d; Jordan, 23d; Syracuse, 24th; Baldwin, 25th; Fulton, 27th; Oswego, 28th; and Utica about July 4th.

YANKEE ROBINSON'S route ahead is as follows:—Madison, Wis., 21st, (way stand 22d) Columbus, 23d; Watertown, 24th; Ocomomowoc, 25th; (a way stand 27th) Horicon, 28th; Beaver Dam, 29th; Fox Lake, 30th; Wanpun, July 1st; Fon Du Lac, 2d; Oshkosh, 4th; Aurora, 5th; Berlin, 6th; Ripon, 7th; Kingston, 8th; Portage, 9th; Baraboo, 10th; Sauk City, 11th; (way stand 12th) Dodgeville, 13th; Mineral Point, 14th; and so on through the Lead Mines and to Prairie Du Chien.

Miscellaneous.

LA RUE'S GREAT WAR SHOW with J. W. Whiston, the humorist, will exhibit at Continental Hall, Paterson, N. J., for four days this week, commencing on the evening of Wednesday, 22d inst. Charles B. Griste is the agent for this popular show.

MR. SWEETZER, another candidate for the honors of "Wizardisms," opens in Cleveland on the 28th inst. for three nights; he goes thence to Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and Chicago. Mr. Sweetzer first appeared as a Wizard at Boston, Mass., Nov. 25th, 1860, and sailed for England in the fall of 1862. He has just returned to this country and intends giving exhibitions.

BALL'S COLLOSSEUM is exhibting in New York State. The route ahead is as follows:—North Bangor, 21st; Chataugay, 22d; Ellensburgh, 23d; Centreville, 24th; Mooretown, 25th; Champlain, 27th; and Rouse's Point, 28th.

OSSIAN E. DODGE and William Hayward were still on their "winding way" visiting cities, villages, camps, gulches, flats, etc., in California. The people who inhabit the places alluded to are not flats, however, for they roll in their dollars in fine style to hear the New England vocalists. Messrs. Dodge and Hayward were at Weaverville, Cal., May 16th; Douglass City, 17th; Lewiston, 18th; Junction City, 19th; Weaverville, 20th; (2d concert.) Business good, and twenty dollar gold pieces common things. They have concluded on a trip through Oregon, going north as far as Portland. They were to be at Yreka, Cal., on the 24th of May.

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE is now on its second tour through the principal cities and towns of the New England States, where the originators of wooden nutmegs, wooden pumpkin seeds, and ye fair damsels who manufacture cotton cloth from the raw material most do congregate. The first visit of the Zouave Troupe proved a very remunerative one to Manager Carter, and the second visit promises to exceed that of the former one. On the 16th inst., they were at Westerley, R. I., a small town of only 3000 inhabitants, but it proved to be a good show town, for the Zouaves raked in $180.50 in one night. On the 20th and 21st the party was to be at Fall River, Mass.

"PROFESSOR ANDERSON" is doing his World of Magic at Concert Hall, Philadelphia. Mrs. Anderson does the Supernatural Vision business.

THE BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS are making glass toys at the Central Fair in Philadelphia.

MESSRS. WOOD AND MARTIN gave a musical and gymnastic entertainment at Providence, R. I., on the 17th inst. Explanations of the different gymnastic exercises were given by D. U. Martin, the "Boston Wherryman," and Albert H. Fernald presided at the piano.

MISS KATE SMITH, of London, C. W., is desirous of travelling with a magician to assist in the performance. Has been in the business.

TOM THUMB and his little family tea-party were at Tweddle Hall, Albany, on the 18th inst.

Amateur.

THE "EXCELSIORS" gave another musical and dramatic entertainment at the Assembly Rooms, New Brighton, S. I., on the 14th inst. The pieces played, were "Love in Humble Life," and the musical burletta entitled, "The Swiss Cottage," the principal characters being ably sustained by Mrs. Milner, and Messrs. O'Brien and Fulton. Several pleasing ballads were sung by Mrs. Milner, with her usual good taste and execution.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, London, "David Garrick" is still on the bills.

THE LYCEUM, London, has found in the revived "Hamlet," a permanent attraction, which is likely to sustain the fortunes of the theatre during the remainder of the season. M. Fechter's acting receives the warmest praise from the audience, and the excellence of the general performance is recognised by the heartiest plaudits.

THE VICTORIA, London, has been doing well with Madame Celeste as the leading member of the company, and in Mr. Oxenford's drama of "The Last Hope" that lady has appeared in one of her best characters.

THE OLYMPIC, London, has repeated "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," which has now reached its 319th night, and retained the "morality of "Sense and Sensation."

THE ADELPHI, London, has retained Miss Bateman, whose engagement is announced to expire next week. Business, of course, has not been so good as previously.

STELLA COLAS has returned to London, and will shortly re-appear, it is said, in a new play.

A ONE-LEGGED male ballet-dancer is nightly "bringing down the house" at the Josefstatadtes Theatre, in Vienna. This is quite a new sensation. We recollect a wooden-legged hornpipe dancer, who was equally successful, bringing down applause at one of the east-end London theatres some time ago, but this beats all. Our agile friends, the almost used-up contortionists, and trapezests may now possibly descry the royal road to fortune in the shape of the narrow path traversable only with one leg. Those unfortunate enough to possess two legs, and lacking the courage to rid themselves of the superfluity, may now indeed be called "poor forked humanity."

M. FECHTER has produced "Hamlet" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in great style. The "Actress" is for the *first time* properly represented a boy. The archæological critics are quite delighted over the idea. One of the funny papers, though, waxes humorous over the fact that the "cast" includes, beside a French Hamlet, (Fechter), a Yorkshire King (Emery), an Irish Polonius (Erongham), and a Yankee Ghost (Jordan).

MR. PHILLIP PHILLIPS, a scenic artist of the London theatres, died in that city May 29th, aged sixty-two years. For some years Mr. Phillips was the principal scenic artist to the Lyceum, the Haymarket, and the Adelphi. In 1850 he accompanied the Queen in her visit to Ireland, and, under her special patronage, took the building then known as the Chinese Gallery, at Hyde-park-corner, where his panorama illustrative of her Majesty's tour attracted general admiration.

M. ROCHETTE, the California clown, arrived in England May 25th. He has performed with all the circus companies who have visited California, and he was originally with Messrs. Howes and Cushing. His style is said to be peculiarly novel, and he is one of the wittiest ring clowns ever heard.

THE CAMPAIGN for 1863-4 has closed at the Italian Opera of Paris. Lasting from the 15th of October to the 15th of May, five nights each week without intermission, the results it presents, in a mere statistical point of view, are something worthy of note. During that period M. Bajier has been enabled to present 138 performances, and these comprised seventeen operas, selected from the works of five composers.

MISS BATEMAN'S engagement in London terminated on the 11th inst. She will not appear again until the fall—when she produces a new play by Mosenthal, the German author, which has been translated for her by John Oxenford. The piece is entitled "Petrea," and refers to a mediæval period of Italian history.

AMUSEMENTS.

NEW SHEET MUSIC,
CARTES DE VISITE,
PLAYS AND
SONG BOOKS.
D. C. WINANS, having for the past eight years been connected with
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
wishes to inform the public throughout the
UNITED STATES
that he has established an agency for the sale of
NEW SHEET MUSIC,
CARTES DE VISITE,
PLAYS AND
SONG BOOKS,
Sent on receipt of marked price, postage paid.
A Catalogue has just been published containing upwards of
TEN THOUSAND NAMES OF THE CHOICEST SELECTIONS.
Cartes de Visite 20 cents each, or six for $1.
All orders addressed to
D. C. WINANS,
Bryants' Minstrels,
472 Broadway, N. Y.,
Will be promptly attended to.
☞ Enclose Stamp for Catalogue. 11-3m

BROADWAY
ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Late Hope Chapel, opposite the New York Hotel.
LAST WEEK OF THE SEASON.
BEAUTY AND T E BEAST. BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
WANTED A FAMILY. WANTED A FAMILY.
GRAND MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS.
Tickets to Matinee—Children, 15 cents; Adults, 25 cents.
The Academy will be let from the 1st of July to the 1st of October. Apply to GEO. HOLMAN, 720 Broadway. 11-1t

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.--The undersigned would give notice that he has no connection with any Troupe or other combination except the one to perform the ensuing week at Poughkeepsie, Hudson, Newburgh, and Newark. They will open their New and Magnificent Hall, 199 and 201 Bowery, opposite Spring street, June 27th. M. C. CAMPBELL,
Manager and Proprietor,
11-1t 199 and 201 Bowery, N. Y.

THE DEVIL'S DRAWING ROOM.
(Vide New York Herald, June 15.)
HELLER'S HELLER'S
SALLE DIABOLIQUE,
585 BROADWAY,
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.
TENTH WEEK OF THE SEASON.
SECOND WEEK OF SECOND PROGRAMME,
MOST REMARKABLE SUCCESS
OF THE
NEW PROGRAMME,
BY
ROBERT HELLER.
THE STORY OF A BROKEN PLATE
evokes acclamations from crowded houses.
THE FAIRY RING DOVES
is a feat which is admitted to surpass in its features any yet shown upon the stage; and
HELLER'S CHARMED CABINET OF THE APPARITIONS
renders nugatory all the attempts of the Davenports to carry magic into the realms of spiritualism. Nothing more wondrous and more inexplicable has yet been devised.
Doors open every evening at 7½; commence at 8.
MATINEE ON SATURDAY, AT ½ TO 2. 11-1t

MISS KATE VANCE,
The Queen of all Mazeppas, with Mr. DEAGLE'S champion horse DON JUAN, and Mr. B. DERR, concludes her engagement at Willard's Howard Athenæum, Boston, June 18th, and appears at Grover's Theatre, Washington, on the 20th of June. Managers wishing to engage MISS VANCE will address
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
11-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVEL,
LA BELLE ESPAGNOLA,
is now performing a most successful engagement at Canterbury Hall, Washington, D. C. Communications should be addressed to
MARTIN W. HANLEY,
11-1t* 67 Marion street, New York City.

CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.--
ROBINSON AND HOWES,
Proprietors and Managers of the
CHAMPION CIRCUS,
hereby offer a challenge for
TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS OR UPWARDS,
that they have with their establishment
THE GREATEST BARE BACK HORSEMAN,
THE BEST GYMNASTS AND ACROBATS,
THE MOST ACCOMPLISHED EQUESTRIANS,
THE BEST VOLTIGUERS, VAULTERS and TUMBLERS,
and, in brief, the
FINEST CIRCUS COMPANY IN AMERICA.
Any manager or Managers wishing to test the capacity of their troupe can be accommodated by accepting this challenge through the columns of the Clipper. ROBINSON & HOWES,
11-3t now traveling through Ohio.

M'LLE ANNETTA GALLETTI and
MONS. TOPHOFF.
The above great artists will conclude their engagement at Mrs. John Wood's Theatre, on or about the 28th of June. Managers wishing to negotiate for their services will address
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
11-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

THE NEW CAIRO THEATRE
WILL OPEN ON THE 10th of JULY.
Ladies and gentlemen wishing engagements for the coming season of eight months, will please address CRUMP & CO. 11-tf

MISS LEO. HUDSON, "The Mazeppa Queen."--
This superb and fascinating artiste, pronounced by the press and public the most magnificent attraction of the day, is now completing her engagements for the ensuing Fall and Winter Season. Managers desirous of the services of this talented and attractive lady will please address AGENT, Clipper office. 11-1t*

MISS LEO HUDSON'S Grand "Sensation."--The noblest steed on the American Stage, now undergoing a thorough course of training on Miss Hudson's farm, Hudson Grove, near Baltimore, will, with his charming mistress form the greatest Equestrian attraction during the ensuing season ever witnessed. Managers will please address AGENT, Clipper office. 11-1t*

AMUSEMENTS.

CANTERBURY HALL,
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.
GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.
W. B. CAVANAGH.....Stage Manager.

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MISS JENNIE FORREST,
MISS NAOMI PORTER,
MISS SALLIE WESNER,
M'LLE VIOLA,
MISS MARY GARDNER,
MISS SALLIE NORTON,
MISS JENNIE DE VERE,
MISS CLARA HENDERSON,
MISS VICTORIA ROSS,
MISS ESTELLE FORREST,
MISS CARRIE GARDNER,
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MISS FANNY PARKER,
MISS MARIA MONROE,
MISS MARY WALKER,
MISS LILLIE BAKER.
WITH NUMEROUS AUXILIARIES,
FORMING IN ALL THE
LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED
CONGRESS OF ARTISTS
IN ANY SIMILAR INSTITUTION
OUT OF NEW YORK CITY.

N. B.—FIRST CLASS TALENT ALWAYS WANTED.
Address GEORGE LEA, Canterbury,
Washington, D. C.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MISS LEO HUDSON'S Sumptuous Wardrobe. Trappings, Lithographs, Cuts, &c., all entirely new, original, and appropriate in design, prepared expressly, regardless of expense, for the ensuing season, will place this beautiful and daring equestrienne before the public in a manner hitherto unattempted, and entitle her to the distinguished position universally conceded—"The Mazeppa Queen." Managers will please address
11-1t* AGENT, Clipper office.

MISS ADDIE ANDERSON,
THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL EQUESTRIENNE,
Melodramatic and Protean Actress, the most successful star now travelling, will be open for engagements of six or twelve nights, with responsible managers, on or about June 20th. Miss A. plays the following pieces: Mazeppa, Joan of Arc, The Outlaw's Steed, &c. Managers wishing to negotiate for Miss Anderson for the Fall and Winter season will address
JAS. CONNER & CO.,
11-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

ELLSLER'S ATHENÆUM,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
WANTED, immediately, for the SUMMER SEASON,
a SINGING CHAMBERMAID and LEADING MAN.
STARS liberally treated with.
Those having nights after July 2d,
can address
WM. C. SMYTHE,
11-1t* Sole Lessee and Manager.

AGENCY WANTED.
The undersigned, late agent to Peter and Caroline Richings, desires the position of Business, or Advance Agent, with some good Star, Minstrel or Concert Troupe.
Address A. S. PENNOYER,
10-2t* No. 251 Chester street, Phila.

ONE CENT REWARD, and no charges paid, will be given for the return of an individual calling himself J. W. MORELAND, who ran away from my company (taking several articles of wardrobe) on Thursday, June 15th. Supposed to be now in the vicinity of South Boston Point. Five dollars reward will be paid for the return of the property; or the above amount in copper for the individual. J. C. MYERS. 11-1t*

A CARD.---Mr. Charles Pope, will return from California about the 18th of July. Managers wishing to negotiate with him for Summer or Winter engagements, will please address CHAS. T. PARSLOE, or CLIPPER Office. 11-8t*

J. K. POWER, First Old Man,
Late of the Royal Lyceum, Toronto.
Managers wishing to engage his services, will address
11-1t* Box 1489, Detroit, Michigan.

MR. J. C. MYERS' Summer Season at Portland and Bangor, Me., will commence at Deering Hall, Portland, on Monday evening, June 20; Bangor, Norumbega Hall, July 6.
Stars and artistes of acknowledged ability wishing to negotiate for the present or coming season, will address the undersigned as above. J. C. MYERS. 11-2t*

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
My name being emblazoned on the bills of THREE (3) DIFFERENT MINSTREL COMPANIES at the present time, setting forth that I am engaged with them, this is to give notice that, not being ubiquitous, I am performing with ONE TROUPE ONLY, the
ORIGINAL AND ONLY CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS,
which talented organization will open their new and thoroughly ventilated SUMMER PALACE, 199 and 201 Bowery on Monday evening, June 27th. 10-1t W. S. BUDWORTH, Comedian.

MARIE ZOE, the "Cuban Sylph."---This most popular
ACTRESS, DANSEUSE AND PANTOMIMIST
having concluded her last engagement (during the summer months) at the Front Street Theatre, has retired to a favorite watering place, where she will remain until her Fall Engagements commence. Managers wishing to negotiate for ZOE, for the Fall and Winter season, will address
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
11-1t 25 West Houston street, New York.

AQUATIC.

The Famous Four-oared Boat "Stranger," Is for Sale for $250. It is one of the best Four-oared Boats ever built. Address "STRANGER," CLIPPER Office, N. Y. 11-tf

A REGATTA for all gilling skiffs under 19½ feet is to come off on the river Delaware, at Kensington, on the 27th inst., the prize to be a champion flag.

A NEW BOAT FOR HAMILL is being built at the establishment of Mr. Stephen Roberts at Harlem. He has just completed a new four oared boat for Yale, and has another of the same sort on the stocks for Harvard. As both boats will be by the same builder, and very nearly or quite of the same model, the respective merits of the two crews can be more correctly estimated in their future races.

A BOAT RACE AROUND BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.—A boat race of no little interest to the friends of the respective contestants came off on the 18th inst., starting from the foot of Stanton street and rowing round the above-named island, between John Miller and John Covell. Quite a quantity of greenbacks were invested, in favor of Covell before the start, but veering round in favor of Miller after the race was in progress. The distance was estimated to be about 9½ miles, and the race resulted finally in favor of Miller, who rowed over the course in one hour and seventeen minutes.

HAMILL VS STEVENS.—As is well known among the boating fraternity, efforts have been made to get a match on between these men, and as the match between the former and Ward is now fixed, it is in place to state that in a recent communication from Hamill he stated that he thought Stevens had had time enough to answer his liberal offer to row one week after his race with Ward at Pittsburgh. What Stevens may have to say in response to this we know not, but we are credibly informed that Stevens will row Hamill for $500 a side, anywhere on the Hudson, and give Hamill $100 to defray his expenses. This offer holds good, whether Hamill wins or loses his race with Ward.

BOAT RACE AT HARTFORD.—An interesting race came off there on the 17th inst., of which a correspondent, "Monteville," thus writes:—

EDITOR CLIPPER: DEAR SIR,—It occurred to me yesterday evening, while on my way to the race, that I would let you know the result, and was revolving in my mind how I should preface it. It struck me that something like this would be about right—*Flushed with victory*, I take the first leisure moment I have to inform you of our grand success—alas! vain thoughts—we got thrashed, but not badly, as you will see. The champion flag was held by the "Watawah," although it was never won by her, but by a boat formerly owned by the members who now compose the "Watawah Club" it remaining in their possession simply from lack of interest in boating matters for the past three seasons by the other clubs to take it from them. This year the "Una" (an old competitor for the flag, and at one time the champion,) challenged the "Watawah"; the latter accepted and without the least training whatever (in fact the crew never got into the boat before together), collected the best men they could, and last evening the race came off. The "Watawah" was allowed 40 seconds, she being a barge and the "Una" a lap streak. The latter crew have practiced together some three weeks, and were in pretty good condition.

The "Watawah" took her allowance of time on the start and opened a large gap, but lack of practice told on her crew, as the "Una" gradually gained on her. Both turned the stake boat well, the "Watawah" still leading; but it was evident that the "Una" would soon pass her, as she did about a quarter of a mile this side of the stake boat. But the "Watawah," nothing daunted, struck out manfully, and when within a quarter of a mile from home lapped on to the "Una," and a very pretty race to the judges' stand ensued; but condition will tell, and although the "Watawah" crew struggled with a will, it was no use; they were just fifteen seconds behind. The race was two miles, and the time made was 15min. 5 secs., which, taking all things into consideration, was not bad. There was a large crowd present, a great number of whom were ladies, who seemed to take a lively interest in the affair. Although the race was hardly above what is called a "scrub," it created considerable excitement, and from present appearances it looks as if the days of '58 and '59 would dawn again. Quite a number in the defeated party were enthusiastic over the idea of a new boat, also some talk of a new boat for Trinity College. Should these ideas be carried to any extent, I will keep you posted.

HARTFORD, June 18, 1864.

A REGATTA AT CORNWALL.—The committee that last season got up the grand Regatta at Cornwall, Joshua Ward's place of residence on the Hudson, have it in contemplation to get up a sculler's race on the coming 4th. There will be some fine prizes, and no pains will be spared to have the affair as successful as the former one. Further particulars in our next.

PIGEON SHOOT AT TREMONT.—Robert Thomas and Benjamin Cox, of Swatara, Schuylkill Co., Pa., shot a match at 15 pigeons at Tremont on the 4th inst., with the following result:
Cox.....111100100101—total 7.
Thomas.....010100100000 " 3.
As Thomas couldn't tie, the match was given to Cox.

PIGEON POP FOR THE 4TH OF JULY.—Ed. Smith, of Middle Creek, the "Old Chicken," and Charley Anderson, of Swatara, all in Pennsylvania State, are matched to shoot at 25 birds each on 4th of July day, at Pete Anderson's farm, for $200 a side.

PIGEON SHOOT AT MAHONEY CITY.—Larry Maceroy and Teddy Cook made a match on the 4th inst., to shoot at ten pigeons each for $100 a side on the 25th of June at 2 o'clock P. M., at Mahoney City, Pa. John Woolley holds $25 a side, and the money was to have been made into $50 a side on the 11th inst.

A JAPANESE THEATER.—A lady writing to a friend from Japan gives the following description of a Japanese Theatre:—Where the audience sat, the roof was supported by stout poles, and was covered with matting. The boxes were on each side, in two tiers, one immediately above the other. Into the highest we mounted by means of a ladder, and joined the merchant's wife and family, who had engaged it for the day. The performance had long commenced, as the doors open early in the morning and close at 6 P. M. When we arrived the drop-scene was down. It was a very gay one, representing an enormous tiger, gaudily painted in a jungle of very bluish colored bamboo. The pit is divided into squares, each capable of holding from eight to ten persons. These are generally occupied by a whole family, who pay four itziboos and a half (about 9s) for the compartment, in which they spend the entire day, making it a regular holiday, a servant bringing their food at appointed hours in chow-chow, or food boxes. At one side of the pit a walk is formed by planks, on which the actors and actresses come in and go out. The orchestra is at the side, and consists of two banjo players and one drummer, besides a *chef*. Beside them sits the prompter, a most important individual. To sounds of klack-ka-ta-klack the curtain is drawn aside, and a jealous wife is discleosed kneeling on the stage. She is gaily attired, her hair ornamented with an enormous profusion of pins and beads, and the powder on her face looks more like a thin covering of white muslin than any powder I ever saw before. The effect produced is ghastly.

OUR GAME BAG.

RATES OF SPEED.—The ordinary rate of speed per second is as follows: Of a man walking, 6 feet; of a good horse in harness, 12 feet; of a sailing ship, 18 feet; of a reindeer in a sled on the ice, 24 feet; of a race horse, 72 feet; of a hare, locomotive or hurricane, 84 feet; of sound, 1,092 feet; of a cannon ball, 1,844 feet; of the earths rotation at the equator, 1,521 feet; of the earths velocity in its orbit, 96,192 feet—19 miles.

WEDDED BLISS.—
God bless the wives,
They fill our lives
With little bees and honey!
They ease life's shocks,
They mend our socks,
But—don't they spend the money?
When we are sick
They heal us quick—
That is, if they love us;
If not we die,
And yet they cry,
And raise tombstones above us.

A LITTLE SPANISH AND MORE INJUN—A Spanish proverb says: "A little in the morning is enough; enough at dinner is but little; but a little at night is too much." The Indian philosopher, equally profound, held that "too much rum was just enough."

ARITHMETICAL—The following question was discussed in a Western debating club: "If it takes twelve soldiers to carry a rifle pit at the point of the bayonet, how large a hole in the ground could Dr. Windship lift with one hand?"

A SHARP RETORT—"I havn't another word to say, sir—I never dispute with fools!" said a gentleman who was getting the worst of an argument. "No," was the reply, "you generally agree with them!"

APPROPRIATE.—A lady well advanced in maidenhood at her marriage, requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing,
"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

NIGHT.—Night is beautiful in itself, but still more beautiful in its associations. It is not linked, as day is, with our cares and our toils—the business and the listlessness of life. The sunshine brings with it action; we rise in the morning, and our task is before us—and night comes, and with it rest. If we leave sleep, and ask not of dreams forgetfulness, our waking is in solitude, and our employment is thought. Imagination has thrown her glories around the midnight; the orbs of heaven, the silence, the shadows, are steeped in poetry. Even in the heart of a crowded city, where the moonlight falls but upon the pavement and roof, the heart would be softened, and the mind elevated amid the loveliness of night's deepest and stillest hours.

ABOUT HUMAN NATURE.—
Tender-handed stroke the nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
Thus it is with vulgar natures,
Use them kindly they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-gruters,
And the rogues obey you well.

ANCIENT P

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
No. 22 Spruce street, N. Y.

BRYANTS' OPERA HOUSE.
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS, Proprietors. JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer.
WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers. A. ROSS, Officer.
SEVENTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The Company is composed of the following Talented Artists:—
DAN BRYANT,

NEIL BRYANT,	J. B. SIVORI,
DAVE REED,	FRANK LESLIE,
GEORGE S. FOWLER,	J. W. HILTON,
T. GETTINGS,	JAMES MORRISON,
JAMES GARATAGUA,	G. S. CONNOR,
W. L. HOBBS,	DAN EMMETT, and
NELSE SEYMOUR,	

LITTLE MAC,
In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars, see bills of the day.
Tickets of Admission 25 cents. 6-tf

HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN,
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—

C. W. H. GRIFFIN,	A. HUGHES,	S. S. PURDY,
W. S. BUDWORTH,	H. MUDGE,	J. STONE,
J. A. HERMAN,	C. CAMPBELL,	G. A. PARKERSON,
C. HUNNEMAN,	E. HASLAM,	W. TORRENS,
C. PRUMMEL,	P. JONES,	and others.

Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed.
Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 2-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS & CO'S MINSTRELS.
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.
COMMENCED THEIR SEVENTH REGULAR SEASON,
MONDAY, AUGUST 3d.
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
Consist of the following Gentlemen:
LON MORRIS,

EPH HORN,	N. LOTHIAN,
BILLY MORRIS,	R. M. CARROLL,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. QUEEN,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	F. WILMARTH,
E. W. PRESCOTT,	R. FREDERICKS,
J. L. GILBERT,	J. J. HILLIARD,
J. P. ENDRES,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,
AUGUST SCHNEIDER,	L. A. ZWISSLER,
D. W. BOARDMAN,	JAPANESE TOMMY.

The Management call particular notice to the above distinguished array of Talent.
Tickets 30 cents; Reserved Seats 50 cents.
6-tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

THE LEADING MODEL TROUPE
OF THE AGE.
TWENTY-FOUR
BRILLIANT ETHIOPIAN STARS,
Defying and far excelling all competition, not even excepting soft IRON CLAD MINSTRELSY.
THE WORLD OUTDONE
By the famous and ever popular
DUPREZ & GREEN'S MINSTRELS,
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE AND BRASS BAND.
The largest, oldest and most complete Troupe ever organized and brought before the public, introducing four unequalled Comedians in the persons of Charley Reynolds, Lew Benedict, J. E. Green and Harry Stanwood.
A MAMMOTH ORCHESTRA
of Fourteen Artistic Musicians, each one being a soloist and master of his peculiar instrument.
THE LION CHAMPION QUARTETTE
of the nineteenth century, composed of the renowned Signor Gustavo Bidaux, J. E. Green, Edwin Holmes, and Gonsalvo Bishop, admitted by all good judges and critics to be the best Quartette ever heard in the profession.
A BRASS BAND OF SIXTEEN PIECES,
Led by Alphonse Bergeron, the Royal Cornetist of Canada, pronounced to be the most extensive and finest Band traveling.
The whole of the above combination of talent appear in an original and
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
nightly, before crowded houses—in many instances hundreds of people are turned away from the doors.
The largest Halls in the country will not hold the immense audiences who rush to see and hear this unapproachable organization.
THE GIGANTIC POSTER
used for advertising by this Company is the most magnificent and gorgeous piece of design and artistic work ever seen. It is fourteen feet high and twenty-five feet long, worked in fine colors, being the most costly (and nineteen sheets larger than any) bill ever before printed in the world, and which cost nearly two thousand dollars. The first two of these Posters were put up in New York, in the Central Park, for the public to gaze on and feast in Printers' Ink to their heart's content. It covers nearly four hundred square feet surface. Large Mammoth Boards are erected at great expense in every city to put up this ornament, and every body is amazed, and look upon it with perfect astonishment as such an enormous enterprise.
The Troupe are again on an extensive tour throughout the Eastern Country, just before their departure for the Canadas, the great West and the South.
For full particulars see programmes of the day.
On the arrival at each city the Brass Band will march from the depot to the hotel.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ.
T. C. GREEN, SAM POND, } Agents. 11

ELLINGER & FOOTE'S
GREAT MORAL EXHIBITION and
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
ATTRACTIONS EXTRAORDINARY! UNPARALLELED SUCCESS!
The Three Smallest Human Beings in Existence.
COM. FOOTE,
The Smallest Man in the World, 22 years old, 28 inches high, and weighs 23 lbs.
His Sister MISS ELIZA NESTELL, (the Fairy Queen,)
17 years old, 17 inches high, and weighs 14½ lbs., and
COL. SMALL,
17 years old, 30 inches high, and weighs 25 lbs.
Assisting these Wonderful Little People are the old, Original, and only
CONTINENTAL VOCALISTS.
W. D. FRANKLIN and J. W. SMITH,
Miss M. C. ELLINGER, the celebrated vocalist and Pianist,
and Prof. G. H. BROOKS, the eminent Pianist and Vocalist.
The Company are now on an extensive Western Tour, previous to their departure for Europe.
For full particulars, see Programme of the day.
43-3m-4t* C. G. RUSSELL, Business Agent.

INTERESTING TO MANAGERS and Agents of TRAVELLING SHOWS, EXHIBITIONS, MINSTRELS, &c., &c.

THE ROCHESTER DAILY EVENING EXPRESS is the favorite journal among the amusement loving public of Rochester and vicinity.

Connected with the paper is an extensive JOB PRINTING establishment, and Showmen are furnished with Posters, Programmes, Show Cards, Tickets, &c., at reasonable rates.

Showmen patronising the Express will find that ample attention will be given their entertainments in the local columns, the best medium of advertising. 1-tf

ATHENEUM
MUSIC HALL AND THEATRE,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
A. MONTPELIER.....Proprietor and Manager
The finest place of amusement in America.
Ladies and gentlemen of reputation and ability always wanted. Address as above. 51-3m*

CHAMPION SHADES,
19 LIBERTY STREET,
OPPOSITE MECHANIC'S HALL,
UTICA, N. Y.
SAM HAGUE wishes to inform his friends in and out of the profession, that he has cast anchor at the above named house, where he will be happy to welcome all his old friends and as many new ones as will honor him with a call. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. SAM & TOM HAGUE. 8-5t*

INFORMATION OF JOHNNY PERRY is wanted by his son Edward, who is now in New York city, having just returned from California. Mr. John Perry was formerly a theatrical Book Agent, in Broadway, and subsequently was acting as Treasurer for a traveling company. Any information concerning him or his present whereabouts will be thankfully received.
Address EDWARD PERRY,
3-4t* CLIPPER Office, New York.

J. T. HUNTLEY'S
"HUDSON RIVER HOUSE,"
Catskill Point.
PLEASANT SUMMER RESORT
WITH GOOD ACCOMMODATIONS
FOR TRANSIENT AND PERMANENT BOARDERS.
☞ MEALS AT ALL HOURS. ☜
☞ Albany Day Boats, and Hudson Night Boats land in front of this House. Mountain House Stages start from the door, on the arrival of Trains and Boats.
The House is under the personal supervision of
2- J. T. HUNTLEY.

CRANDELL'S EXCHANGE,
WOOSTER, OHIO.
E. D. ELY, Proprietor.
The very best accommodations for Travellers, Circus, Theatrical and Show People.
Stabling for 100 horses 4-3m*

THE WEBB SISTERS,
MISSES EMMA AND ADA.
Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address them care of
8-3m CLIPPER OFFICE, or 17 Nassau street, Brooklyn.

AMUSEMENTS.

CAMPBELL'S NEW MINSTREL HALL, 199 and 201 BOWERY, OPPOSITE SPRING STREET, WILL OPEN MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 27th, 1864.
M. C. CAMPBELL Proprietor.
FRANK LESLIE, Stage Manager.
Doors Open at 7 Commence at 8.
TICKETS 25 CENTS.
Be In Time.
COMPANY SECOND TO NONE. SUPERIOR TO ALL. See Future Announcements. LOOK Out For The GRAND OPENING NIGHT. HURRAH!

BISHOP'S CUMBERLAND MINSTRELS,
OPEN EVERY NIGHT AT THEIR
PAVILION,
MAINE STREET, CHATTANOOGA, TENN.
BISHOP & DOWNS.....Proprietors.
BRIGHAM BISHOP.....Manager and Director.
TOM DOWNS.....Treasurer.
The Company now consists of
12 STAR PERFORMERS
In the Ethiopian business,
And the fascinating
LA BELLE LOUISE,
Danseuse and Vocalist.
The Pavilion now seats 1300 people, and has been crowded nightly, the fifth week's receipts being $4100.
WANTED, on or about the 1st of July, people for our new place at Nashville, Tenn. At this place we shall give a regular Concert Hall performance, so talent in any line may apply to the manager,
BRIGHAM BISHOP,
St. Cloud Hotel, Nashville, Tenn.
P. S.—No engagements made for less than 3 months. 9-4t*

CORINTHIAN HALL,
EXCHANGE PLACE,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.,
Will be RENTED for Concerts, Lectures, Exhibitions, &c.
Address W. A. REYNOLDS,
9-6m* 59 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW THEATRE,
CAIRO, ILL.
Messrs. CRUMP & CARROLL, Proprietors.
The above establishment,
NOW IN COURSE OF ERECTION,
will be opened to the public, July 10th, 1864.
Ladies and Gentlemen of known ability desiring engagements will address, stating business and salary expected, for a season of eight months, commencing as above HARRY GILBERT,
Acting and Stage Manager, Box 537, Cairo, Ill.
☞ Stars treated with on liberal terms. 9-6t

DEAGLE'S VARIETIES.
ST. LOUIS.
THIS VERY POPULAR ESTABLISHMENT,
AND THE LARGEST IN THE UNITED STATES, IS NOW IN THE
FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS,
First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
6-tf or GEORGE DEAGLE, St. Louis.

NEW IDEA,
COMMERCIAL STREET, ABOVE KEARNY,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA,
E. G. BERT.....Proprietor and Manager.
The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
BEAUTIFUL AND COMMODIOUS
THEATRE
has been entirely re-fitted and decorated, making it the most comfortable as it is the most
POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
on the Pacific Coast.
THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
with an
"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
While the Entertainments consist of
OPERA, COMEDY, DRAMA, FARCE,
BALLET, MINSTRELSY, BURLESQUE, AND ACROBATIC.
Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
JAMES CONNER & CO.,
Dramatic and Musical Agents,
6- 25 West Houston street, N. Y.

NATIONAL THEATRE,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
WM. E. SINN.....Proprietor
THE MODEL MUSIC HALL
OF AMERICA.
THE NATIONAL will seat
Three Thousand People.
The Stage is Eighty Feet Deep.
The Company
The Best in the World.
Good Talent Always Wanted.
None Other Need Apply.
6-tf Address WM. E. SINN.

VARIETIES,
COLUMBUS, OHIO.
JOHN M. KINNEY.....Sole Proprietor and Manager.
The Varieties is now in the full tide of success, and it is one of the fixed institutions of Columbus.
Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession would do well to address the proprietor, stating line of business, terms, &c., with programme and stamp enclosed. 5-tf

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD,
CLARKY & REILLEY,
(Successors to John E. Bacon,)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARKY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 9-tf

THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE, and young female Brass Band, twenty in number. Sole proprietor, J. Henage Carter. Musical Director, Professor J. J. Watson. Leader and Brass Band Instructor, G. H. Marsh. The manager feels it perfectly unnecessary to say a word in behalf of his troupe to those who have once seen them. To those who have merely heard of them, he would say that they are literally and universally acknowledged to be "the best and most popular exhibition of the day." The novelty, variety, and excellence of this extraordinary company, makes it stand alone and unapproachable. It has taken years of labor and perseverence to bring the troupe to its present high standard of excellence. In securing the valuable services of Professor Watson, the eminent violinist and composer, the manager feels that he offers the best guarantee for the excellence of the musical department, and in retaining those of Mr. Marsh (the efficient instructor in "brass") the "young female Brass Band" will always have more brass in their faces than any modest young ladies were ever before known to have. The company will make a complete tour of New England before again going west. 1-3m*

CASINO! CASINO!! CASINO!!!
Chestnut Street, above Sixth,
PHILADELPHIA.
The Standard Music Hall of the Quaker City.
Wanted competent Artistes in the various departments connected with the Music Hall business.
Apply personally, or by letter, to
CHRIS. NORRIS, (Sole Lessee),
4-tf P. O. Box 930, Philadelphia.

"WILLARD'S HOWARD ATHENÆUM,"
BOSTON.
The Fall and Winter season of this favorite establishment will commence August 15th—next.
Stars wishing nights, will address
HENRY WILLARD, Lessee,
4-3m Boston.

H. D. BEISSENHERZ, Leader New Bowery Theatre Orchestra, will be happy to negotiate with managers for the coming season. Has one of the largest libraries. Address
5-3m* CHAS. BERNARD, 486 Broadway.

TO MANAGERS.
MISS A. HATHAWAY,
of the New Bowery Theatre, can be engaged for the coming season by addressing CHAS. BERNARD, 486 Broadway. 5-3m*

WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 10

MARY GLADSTANE.---Managers wishing to engage the services of the above popular Artiste for star engagements, will address her, care of C. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 2414, New York. 53-3m

TO MANAGERS.---A Gentleman who possesses a fine Mezzo Soprano voice, which cannot be distinguished from a lady's, wishes a situation in some travelling or stationary troupe as Soprano Singer. Has also a scientific knowledge of Melodeon playing. Address
PERCY STANLEY,
Care Box 817,
4-3m* Portsmouth, N. H.

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL, CANADA.
TO LET, Nightly or weekly or arrangements will be made with any first class entertainment.
40-tf J. W. BUCKLAND, Lessee.

BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Danseuse and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of Theatre, Lexington, Ky. 4-3m

AMUSEMENTS.

AMERICAN THEATRE.
444 BROADWAY,
THE GRAND RESORT OF THE METROPOLIS,
A Succession of Crowded Houses Greet
BUTLER'S
GREAT COMBINATION TROUPE,
Every Night.
The most unanimous tokens of approval,
The Press and Public,
Unite in declaring it
THE GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
The company is Perfection in all its details.
THE MAMMOTH ETHIOPIAN TROUPE,
THE GREAT PANTOMIMIC TROUPE,
THE SPLENDID BALLET TROUPE,
In short, all that goes to make up
THE GIGANTIC COMPANY OF THE 19TH CENTURY.
An Entire Change of Programme Every Week.
R. W. BUTLER, Manager.
J. AMMERMAN, Treasurer.
ANTONIO GROSSI, Ballet Master.
DAVID BRAHAM, Musical Director. 6-tf

BOWERS & PRENDERGAST'S
ÆOLIANS.
DIRECTOR OF AMUSEMENTS.....E. BOWERS
ACTING MANAGER.....J. H. BUDWORTH
VOCAL DIRECTOR.....T. B. PRENDERGAST
INSTRUMENTAL DIRECTOR.....PROF. ZENIA
ADVANCE AGENT.....R. THOMPSON
REVOLUTION
IN
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELSY.
PART FIRST.
GRAND PARLOR CONCERT—IN WHITE FACES.
Quartettes, Duets, Ballads, Comic Songs, Recitations, Comic Descriptions, &c., &c.
PART SECOND.
CARNIVAL DE AFRIC.
By a Combination of the leading members of the Ethiopian Profession.
ADMISSION 25 CENTS.
CHILDREN UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE 15 CENTS.
Doors open.....7½ o'clock
Performance.....8¼ o'clock
E. BOWERS, T. B. PRENDERGAST, J. H. BUDWORTH,
Proprietors. 9-tf

HARRIS & CLIFTON'S
EXCELSIOR MINSTREL TROUPE
AND BRASS BAND,
EIGHTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
This unique Troupe of Metropolitan Artistes, acknowledged to be by far the best company now travelling.
OBSERVE THE POWERFUL ARRAY OF TALENT.
J. CLARK, Tamborinist and Comedian,
GEO. GERMAINE, Bones and Eccentric Comedian,
J. W. CHARLES, Personator of Female Characters,
D. BOLES, Basso,
PROF. S. HOSFIELD, Leader of Orchestra,
J. J. GUNN, Flute Piccolo and Alto Horn,
GEO. HOSFIELD, Second Violin and Tenor Horn,
G. CLIFTON, Flagiolet,
EUGENE GORMAN, Flutinist and Comedian,
CHAS. STEVENS, Vocal Director and Alto,
FRANK WINSLOW, Second Violin and Guitar,
WM. SHEEHAN, Leader of Brass Band,
THOS. YATES, Double Bass and Tuber,
GEO. EDMONDS, B Flat Cornet,
and F. V. CONWAY, Clarionet and Baritone.
Balcony Serenade each evening, previous to opening of the doors, by the
BRASS BAND.
For particulars see small bills.
The above talented Troupe is now on an extended tour, viz.: Pittsburgh, Pa., Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and West India Islands.
J. L. HARRIS, GEO. CLIFTON, } Sole Proprietors.
7- HARRY WILLIAMS, Business Agent.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,
BRASS BAND,
AND
BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
unable to obtain a suitable hall in this city, will make an extensive tour in the West.
THE GREAT IRON CLADS
Will shortly appear at

BUFFALO,	CHICAGO,	LOUISVILLE,
TOLEDO,	ST. PAUL,	NASHVILLE,
DETROIT,	ST. LOUIS,	MEMPHIS,
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JEEMES THE POET,
POMPEY MOORE,
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Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock.
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The grand French Drama of
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The popular Actor
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The immense Drama of
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MR. G. W. THOMPSON,
his first appearance here.
George Brookes, Mr. Nourse, Mr. Glassford.
BRIAN O'LINN.
Mr. G. Davenport, Miss Kate Newton.
TUESDAY EVENING—Farewell Benefit of
MR. G. C. BONIFACE, and
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Seats secured six days in advance.
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OR,
THE FROZEN HAND.
Mr. G. L. Fox.....as.....Magnus Snorn
Miss R. Denvil.....as.....The Ice Witch
Miss Fanny Herring.....as.....Minna
Ninna.....(with dance).....Mlle Martinetti
The drama of
TOM CRINGLE;
OR,
MAT OF THE IRON HAND.
Tom Cringle.....J. B. Studley
Mat of the Iron Hand.....C. Nichols
Gipsy Jack.....H. Chapman
Alfred (his first appearance).....G. Metkif
Fanny Foxglove.....Mrs. H. Chapman
A FAVORITE FARCE.
TUESDAY—Benefit of
MR. C. FOSTER. 11

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A BRILLIANT SUCCESS.
MONDAY EVENING, June 20, the magnificent spectacle of
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MRS. JOHN WOOD.....as.....ALADDIN,
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